Saturday Review

of Literature

APRIL 15, 1950

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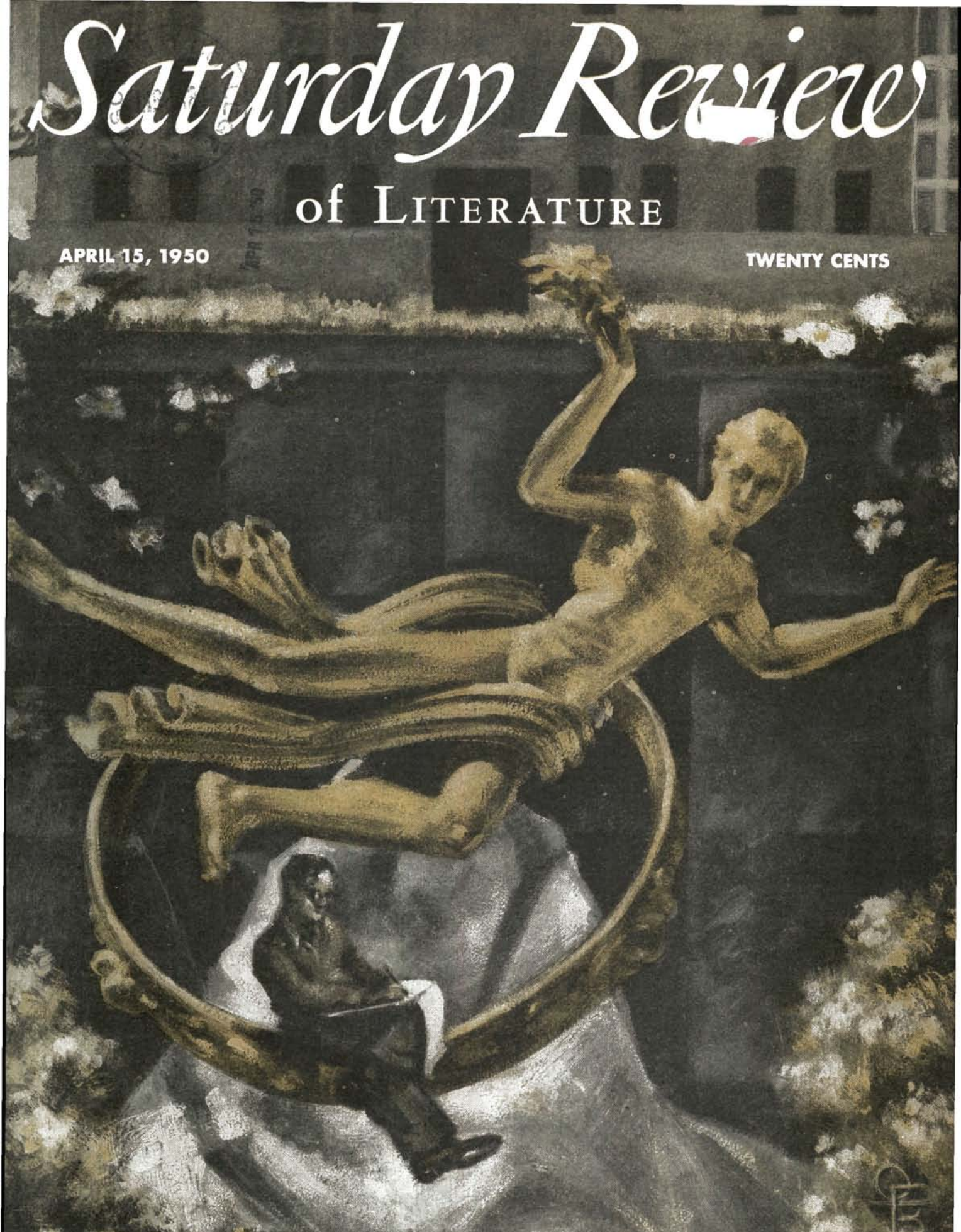

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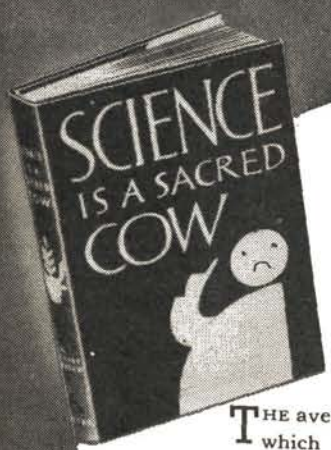

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TRADE Winds

CHICAGO—BUT NOT CONFIDENTIAL

"IF I DON'T see you again," the Ambassador East's Ernie Byfield called after me, "remember me to all my friends in La Quinta." By the time I reached La Quinta Ernie Byfield was dead. There's small chance, however, that his friends ever will forget him. As a colorful, resourceful, and copy-providing boniface only the also-departed Frank Case could hold a candle to him.

When Ernie Byfield took over the management of the Ambassador East and the Ambassador West they were humdrum hostelries catering almost exclusively to local family patronage and considered too far north to appeal to transient glamour trade—stars appearing in the Loop or big shots grumbling about the wait between incoming *Chiefs* and outgoing *Centuries*—or vice versa. The Drake marked the boundary for such as these in about the same way anything beyond the Pierre in New York is considered No Man's Land. Byfield knew, however, that if he could lure this kind of trade to the Ambassadors publicity was assured, and in its wake free-spending yokels would follow as a matter of course. For a come-on he built the sumptuous Pump Room and, by a carefully calculated blend of the arts of Brillat-Savarin, the Admirable Crichton, and Barnum & Bailey, soon had the crowds begging for admission.

Byfield's most effective move was to borrow for the Pump Room the old Muscovite custom of serving victuals on a flaming sword. "It didn't spoil the food much," he delighted in explaining, "and the customers seemed to like it." One inebriated guest, indeed, threw the staff into an uproar by collaring a beplumed major-domo and demanding, "Bring me one order of scrambled eggs—and, dawgone it, I want 'em served on a sword!" Other widely-circulated Byfieldisms (by repeating his stories to anyone who would listen, Ernie cleverly enabled as many as six columnists at a time to claim they had "originated" the same gag) were his remark when a Girl of the Year inadvertently wore the same chinchilla three nights running ("She marched out of here like a woman unpossessed"); his admonition when Admiral Byrd escorted Mrs. Byfield to dinner ("Remember now, Admiral: no exploring!"), and the explanation of how he had entered hotel business in the first place ("My father owned the Hotel Sherman. He bumped into me in the lobby there one morning—and took a liking to me.").

The last letter I have from Ernie explains why he couldn't come to a dinner mutual friends had planned for our visit: "I let myself in for judging a beauty contest. How do we get ourselves involved in these things? I thought all the girls were unbelievably unattractive and the one chosen by my fellow judges the most unattractive of all. Worse still, I, being the oldest, had to announce the decision. I began feebly by remarking that the last time I had judged a beauty contest the winner was Dolly Madison. Not only did the entire audience, including my wife, greet this sally in complete silence, but it developed that one of the contestants actually was named Dolly Madison and, as I left the podium, her mother tried to hit me with an umbrella. Luckily she was cross-eyed and hit the judge behind me."

Frank Bering and Jimmy Hart will carry on at the Ambassador hotels, and run them, I'm sure, as impeccably and successfully as ever. To old patrons, however, the Pump Room won't be quite the same without Ernie and his unfailing bon mots. They'll think of him in particular when room service delivers their breakfast—with an electric toaster to enable them to make their own crisp, fresh toast (instead of the soggy, unappetizing glob furnished by every other hotel I've patronized). For that innovation alone Ernie should be long remembered. Why don't others latch on to that toaster idea? . . .

SILVER-TONGUED Frederic Babcock, Nebraska's neolithic nonpareil, needs only three more appearances this month as master of ceremonies to top the record of George Jessel, hitherto considered more unassailable than the home-run mark set by Babe Ruth. . . . Fred was asked how his top brass had reacted to the news about the H-bomb—which seemed to render the *Trib*'s cozy A-bomb shelter obsolete even before it was finished. "I wouldn't know about that," admitted Mr. B., "but we have a hunch Marshall Field is at the bottom of it." . . . Of Mr. Babcock's associates, Fanny Butcher is writing better columns than she ever did before, the Polly Goodwin-Kelsey Guilfoil axis is functioning beautifully, and Felix Tomei is basking in the reflected glory of his beautiful daughter, Miralee. She was first disclosed to the bulging eyes of the literary wolves at a soirée hosted by the proprietresses of the Chestnut Court Bookshop—no mean numbers themselves. . . . At another party for Nelson Algren the guest of honor

"She says she can't wait to go home and curl up with a good book . . ."

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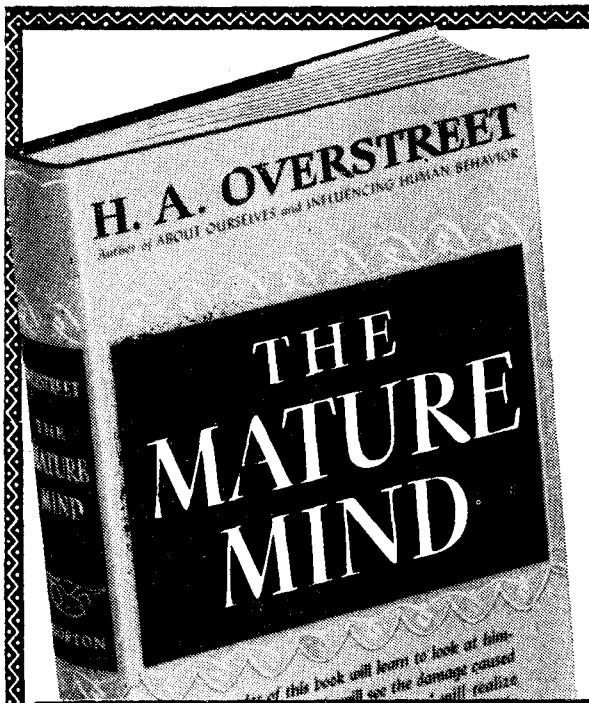

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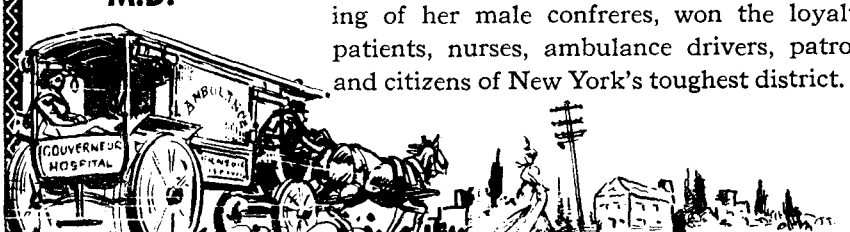

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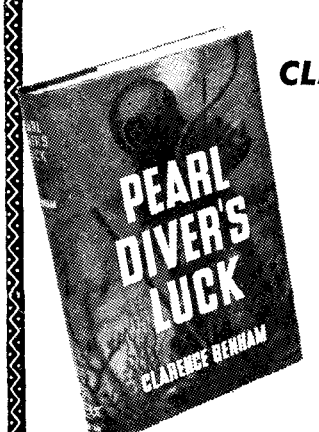

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turned up in bedroom slippers, explaining that he had poured scalding water on his big toe while engrossed in an issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*! . . .

VAN ALLEN BRADLEY of the *Daily News*, and practically every other Chicago literary notable turned up either at a session of the W.N.B.A.'s highly successful lecture series, "Writing and Its Consequences" (given in cooperation with the University of Chicago), or at a Society of Midland Authors Club luncheon the following day. . . . Paul Gibson dropped in long enough to remark that our favorite Illinois authoress certainly was a nicely reared girl. "And," he added, "she's not half-bad from the front either." . . .

BOB BANGS, Rose Oller's bustling associate in Field's book section, was a classmate of Patrick Knopf's when the pair were striplings at the Harvey School but insists he has outgrown all the effects. . . . Max Siegel's Rogues' Gallery of Literary Lens Hoggers is assuming alarming proportions. . . . Wabash Avenue promenaders: Clare Boothe Luce, "Doc" Lewis, Lucile Pannell, Ralph Henry, Jack Clapp. . . . Last month's best seller at the Ambassador Book Shop: crunchy, golden-brown, home-made peanut brittle. Dentists will be happy to know it can be ordered by mail. . . . David ("Red") Mayer, head of the Rothschild Company, has devised an ingenious method for stimulating his salesmen. They meet every Friday night when the store closes, and several decks of cards are produced and shuffled together. For every suit in the higher-priced bracket they have sold that week they are entitled to draw one card. A set of five constitutes a poker hand, and the winning hand captures a substantial cash award. Obviously, a man who has sold twenty suits will have four complete hands and is more likely to win the award than a poorer salesman with only one full hand—but since the order in which the cards are drawn must be maintained, that single hand at least has a chance to win. In all other bonus systems the prize invariably went to one of two or three crack operators, and there was no incentive for the smaller fry. . . . If any bookstore proprietor would like to try a similar experiment, Mr. Mayer has consented to supply further details. . . .

WHILE I WAS in Chicago Claire Dedmon, seraphic bride of the *Sun-Times* Literary Editor Emmett, was the victim of a vandal who sneaked up behind her and snipped off her golden hair in the vicinity of 3240 Lake Shore Drive. Mrs. D. forgave this assailant when she was chosen Mrs. Glencoe of 1950 the following evening by a group of experts that included Dan Rich, director of the Chicago Art Institute. . . . Claire's penchant for rapid recovery had been demonstrated previously when Emmett, then her fiancé, was reported safe in a German prison camp in 1944, after being missing in action for weeks. Her first reaction was to thank God. Her second was to transfer *The New Yorker* subscription she had given him to her own name. . . . The Art Institute's Van Gogh exhibition, incidentally, is an even more spectacular success than it was in New York. Mary Block, owner of two of the pictures in the show, asked one obviously bewildered young art-lover why she had come. "He's the fellow what cut off an ear and sent it to his sweetheart, isn't he?" the art-lover answered. "This I had to see!" . . .

How much, I wonder, is Irving Stone's "Lust for Life," responsible for the extraordinary vogue of Van Gogh in America today? The first man to recognize the sales potential of this book probably was Chicago's famous bookseller Adolph Kroch. He read a set of galleys and overwhelmed Longmans, Green with a firm order for a thousand copies. Longmans wired, "Why?" Kroch wired back, "Read the book!" —BENNETT CERF.

Aleutian Spring

By Courtland W. Matthews

THE nearness of the strange spring was betrayed
By well-known signs. With winter-wearied eyes
We saw the sun contend with clouded skies,
The snow from barren hills begin to fade.
The wind's edge dulled. The blowing snow-shower sprayed
Our tents with failing flakes. White peaks looked down
At April sleeping in snow-mottled brown.
The signs grew, yet how long the spring delayed!

Then, as we marveled at the ebb of dark,
News came from one who listened at the dawn:
"I'm sure I heard it! Sounded like a lark."
We did not know what birds sang on and on,
Sang everywhere in greening May's mild hours,
When spring slipped up the creeks with golden flowers.

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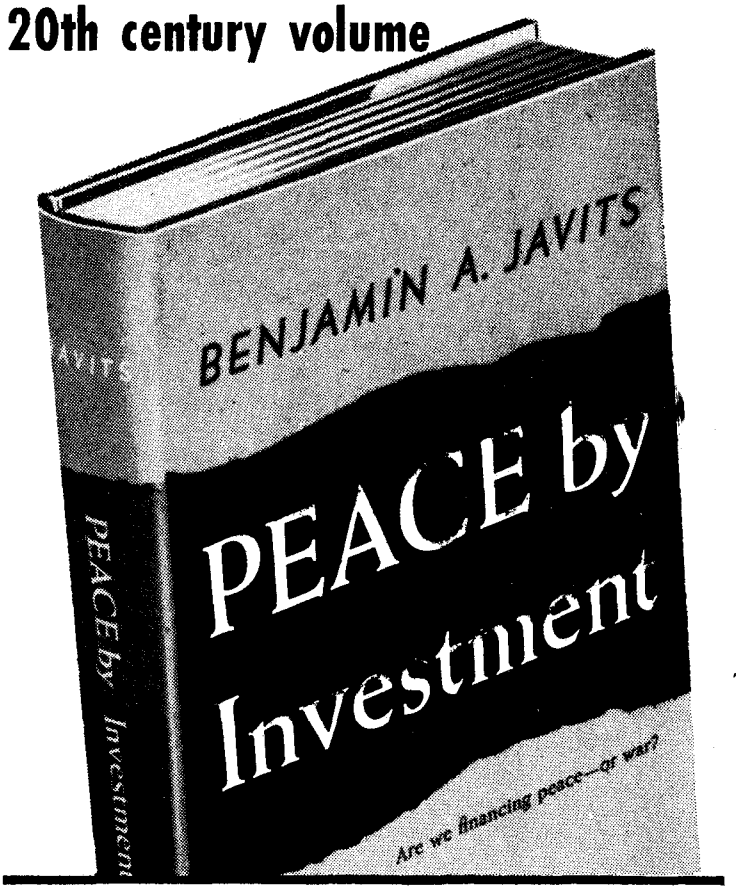

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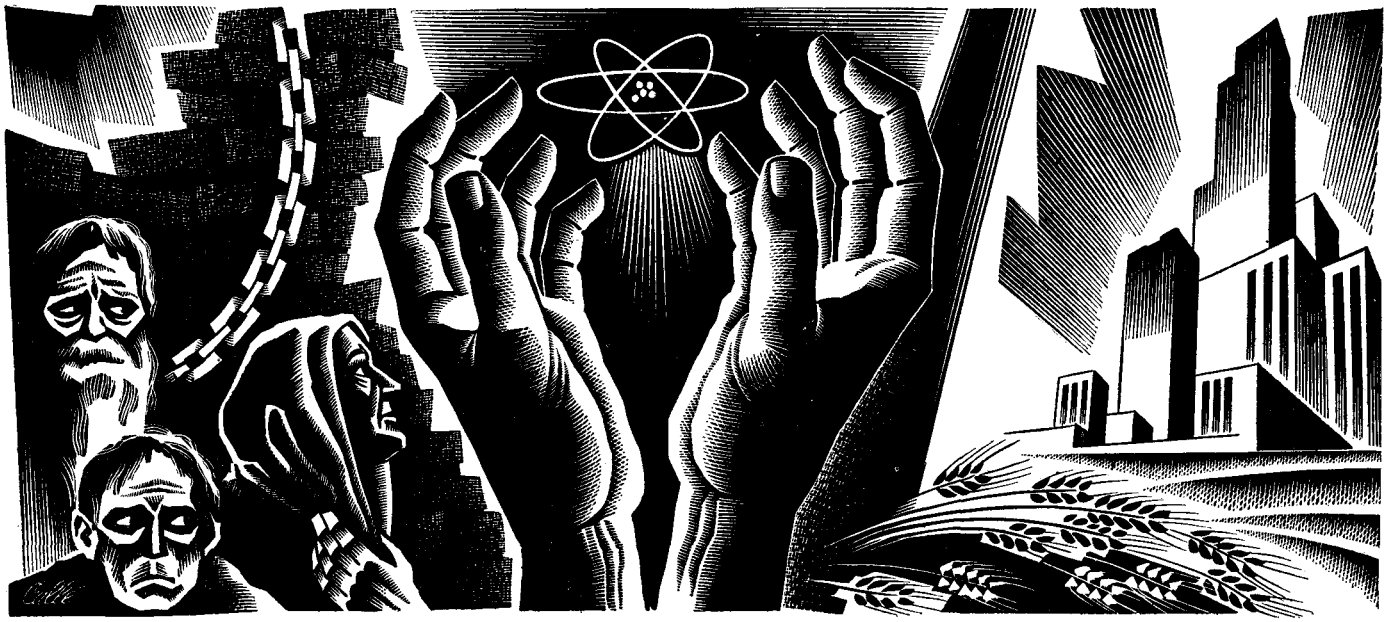

—*Illustrations by Callé.*

Doctrine of Death

ROBERT PAYNE

RECENTLY a man in Canada desired to kill his wife. He sent her on a short air journey, and arranged that his mistress should take a small package to the airplane just before it left. The package contained a time bomb, and the airplane exploded, killing everyone aboard. The man had desired to kill his wife, and he did not care in the least that twenty-two other people would also be killed, and it is conceivable that he would have cared just as little if millions of people had been killed. He did not know the names of the twenty-two people, he had never met them, had no reason to dislike them, might even have been sorry that it was necessary for them to die.

In the same month, in the city of Camden, N. J., a young American-German, who brooded over religion and collected firearms, decided that he was mortally sick of asking a Jew's permission to take a short cut across an empty lot. He decided to kill the Jew and his whole family. He simply walked out of his house, shot the Jew, and then proceeded to kill twelve other people, including a child who was staring out of the window. He withdrew to his house, surrendering quietly when the house was surrounded. Asked why he had murdered so many people in twelve minutes, the arrested man, whose name was Unruh,* said: "I've got a good brain." It was a characteristic answer, for murder and spiritual pride are close to one another, reminding one of the proud murderer in Dostoievsky's "The Possessed," who thinks nothing of destroying the whole world.

SUCH things are happening all the time. The nihilistic man is everywhere among us.

There is no need for him to write a book, no need for him to put himself at the head of huge armies and conquer Europe and Africa first and then lay siege to the whole world, and there is even less need for him to hate the Jews. He can simply hate all men and conceal his hatred and determine to make an end to them. For quite a long while his rage may lie dormant, and then one day, suffering from a headache brought on by a bruised finger, he may say like the skeptic David Hume, "It is not contrary to reason to prefer the destruction of the whole world to the scratching of my finger." It does not take long for him to think of ways of accomplishing his purpose; we live in an age which offers the nihilist all the weapons he could desire. He reads a few books in the libraries and decides to poison the wells. He takes *psittacosis* bacteria or some other easily manufactured death-dealing bacteria in a small handbag and sets out to poison the reservoirs in all the great capitals of the world. He may even find simpler ways of destroying even more people. He works quietly and methodically; no one recognizes this quite harmless looking stranger who travels by airplane across the world; if there are any suspicions he can easily evade them. When the destruction is accomplished, it may please him to take over the government of the world, but it might be simpler or more amusing simply to watch the world becoming more chaotic. Terrified, caught up in the wave of fear, everyone distrusting everyone else, the people murder each other. The nihilist looks on. "Mass murder pleases me," he may say. "There is something very artistic in watching the experiment come to fruition: they behave exactly as I thought they would. It is astonishing how nimbly they play." He may recall Nero at the burning of Rome. A friend came up to Nero and laughed, "When I am

* The name means "unrest"; it was used in the sense of "spiritual unrest" by the Romantic novelists.

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dead let fire devour the world." Nero answered, "No, my dear fellow, this is not the point at all—let it be while I am living." "What a fool," the nihilist says. "Nero *would* talk about it. Myself, I am quite silent." He lets the people struggle in the grip of their fears for a little while longer. "What fools they are! They never suspected me for a moment. The customs officer at Batavia should have recognized what I had in my baggage. I even told him what I had there. I said '*Psittacosis* bacteria,' and he only laughed. We had a drink together." He remembers that executions mostly take place at dawn or dusk because men look more inhuman in the half-light and it is easier to kill them, and he feels that it would be amusing to conserve, at this last moment of the earth's history, one of the antiquated conventions. "I will pull the switch at dusk. They don't know—poor fools—that I have ordered the whole city to be undermined with atomic bombs. Oh, they were slaves—just the kind of slaves I wanted. I ordered them to put the atomic bombs there, and they did exactly as they were told; no one even thought of removing the fuses, because they were all so afraid of me and of each other. Poor earth! It never did leave much mark on the solar system, and now it will leave less." He dreams for a while over a cigar and whiskey, remembering the more delightful things. "If I had lived, I would have created a legend," he says. "How they fought in the sewers—oh, that was the best of all." A sudden impulse to breathe clean air comes over him. He goes out in the streets of the dead city, breathes deeply, and, having enjoyed sunset, he calmly returns to the room and in the act of taking poison he pulls the switch. "After all," he murmurs, "it would be absurd if I survived all this."

WE have seen in our own age the rage of such a monster and if he seems to us even now to be preposterous and incoherent we forget the underlying logic beneath. We say that Hitler was mad and in every human sense what we say is true, but no one ever suggested that the Scotch philosopher David Hume was mad. Hume described himself quite accurately when he wrote, "I am a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible to enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless and I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women. In a word, my friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct, not but that the zealots, we may well believe, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability." Yet, by insisting on the primacy of the passions, he opened the flood-gates and prepared the ground for nihilism in the modern age.

The great tragedy of our time is that mechanization cannot any longer be prevented; we become more mechanical as the machine eats into our lives. We obey the impersonal voices of the radio, we arrange our lives in accordance with a vast network of mechanical forces which no one can any longer control with perfect accuracy, and we are at the mercy of the huge abstractions which,

the newspapers assure us, demand war, demand peace, declare this, that, and the other. We forget continually —such is the force of these abstractions—that there is not and cannot be any tangible thing called "Soviet Russia" or "the United States": these abstractions represent vast and unimaginable complexes of history, complex organizations of people and industry and soil and love and welfare and hate and death, and they are assuredly more unreal because more incomprehensible than the monster. We have seen the monsters, touched their hands, heard them speak; they at least are recognizable and familiar elements. What is strange is that we are always forgetting their perpetual presence.

There is a sense, too, in which the monster represents precisely those mechanical forces which now dominate our lives. He is the mechanical instrument who is indifferent to human lives, presiding at every car smash. He is the robot who revolts because there is nothing left for him to do. He is the man in the leather jacket who met the Czech students as they marched up to the Hradschin Castle with waving flags, proclaiming that they wanted a state founded upon human freedom, but the vast mechanical forces represented by the man in the leather jacket was sufficient to dissuade them from marching further; they surrendered before a symbol. The monster is the enemy of human freedom everywhere, though he declares that he destroys for the sake of freedom. The symbol of our age is not the man in the leather jacket, nor the scientist planning the destruction of remote cities, but the drunken chauffeur gazing straight in front of him, hypnotized by the horse-power at his command, unconcerned whether he is going in the right direction and hardly caring as long as he races at vertiginous speed, contemptuous of everyone else on the road, and unconvinced of the reality of the world he sees through the windshield; at a moment of boredom he presses down on the accelerator and drives into a wall. Fundamentally, the monster is no more than personified irresponsibility and his nihilism, like Hume's skepticism, is only irresponsibility pushed to its logical conclusion. We have spoken of the rights and duties of man; we have not yet spoken of his fields of responsibility. But it is our sense of responsibility which distinguishes us from the beasts.

Nihilism, then, is not an isolated phenomenon; it is the final expression, so far, of tendencies that have for a long time been growing stronger. These tendencies are still at work. We can oppose them in a relentlessly mechanical age only at our peril, but it is a peril that must be accepted. The doom waits. More fatal than bombs, more incorrigible than enemy weapons is the haggard man who *for no reason* is prepared to plan the destruction of the world, and it is not in the least necessary to suppose that the nihilist of the future will enjoy his nihilism any more than he has enjoyed it in the past; he will behave like this because he considers it his duty to behave in this way.

Our hopes for survival depend upon being able to confront him on all levels, though he is invisible. We cannot spurn him. We cannot proscribe him by law, because he is indifferent to the law, or fight him with military weapons, because he has stronger weapons. He lives perhaps—for no one can precisely define his desires—for hidden power, for the sense of mastery rather than for mastery itself. He does not need to have the dictator's mania for public displays. Like Manasevich-Manuilov, like Richelieu's *éminence grise*, he prefers the shadows,

(*Continued on page* 61)

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The Simple Art of Murder

RAYMOND CHANDLER

AS A WRITER I have never been able to take myself with that enormous earnestness which is one of the trying characteristics of the craft. And I have been fortunate to escape what has been called "that form of snobbery which can accept the Literature of Entertainment in the Past, but only the Literature of Enlightenment in the Present." Between the one-syllable humors of the comic strip and the anemic subtleties of the litterateurs there is a wide stretch of country, in which the mystery story may or may not be an important landmark. There are those who hate it in all its forms. There are those who like it when it is about nice people ("that charming Mrs. Jones—whoever would have thought she would cut off her husband's head with a meat saw? Such a handsome man, too!"). There are those who think violence and sadism interchangeable terms and those who regard detective fiction as sub-literary on no better grounds than that it does not habitually get itself jammed up with subordinate clauses, tricky punctuation, and hypothetical subjunctives. There are those who read it only when they are tired or sick and, from the number of mystery novels they consume, they must be tired and sick most of the time. There are the *aficionados* of deduction (with whom I have had words elsewhere) and the *aficionados* of sex, who can't get it into their hot little heads that the fictional detective is a catalyst, not a Casanova. The former demand a ground plan of Greythorpe Manor, showing the study, the gun room, the main hall and staircase and the passage to that grim little room where the butler polishes the Georgian silver, thin-lipped and silent, hearing the murmur of doom. The latter think the shortest distance between two points is from a blonde to a bed.

Somewhere up the family tree of the latter is the type of story that flourished in the pulp magazines of the late Twenties and early Thirties, to which I contributed more than perhaps was my proper share. Some literary antiquarian of a rather special type may one day think it worth while to run through files of these magazines and determine just how and when and by what steps the popular mystery story shed its refined good manners and went native. He will need sharp eyes and an open mind. Pulp paper never dreamed of posterity and most of it must be a dirty brown color by now. And it takes a very open mind indeed to look beyond the unnecessarily gaudy covers, trashy titles, and the barely acceptable advertisements and recognize the authentic power of a kind of writing that even at its most mannered and artificial made most of the fiction of the time taste like a cup of lukewarm consommé at a spinsterish tearoom.

I don't think this power was entirely a matter of violence although far too many people got killed in these stories and their passing was celebrated with a rather too loving attention to detail. It certainly was not a matter of fine writing, since any attempt at that would have been ruthelessly blue-penciled by the editorial staff. Nor was it because of any great originality of plot or character. Most of the plots were rather ordinary and most of the characters rather primitive types of people. Possibly it was the smell of fear which these stories managed to generate. Their characters lived in a world gone wrong, a world in which, long before the atom bomb, civilization had created the machinery for its own destruction and was learning to use it with all the moronic delight of a gangster trying out his first machine gun. The law was something to be manipulated for profit and power. The streets were dark with something more than night. The mystery story grew hard and cynical about motive and character, but it was not cynical about the effects it tried to produce nor about its technique of producing them. A few unusual critics recognized this at the time, which was all one had any right to expect. The average critic never recognizes an achievement when it happens. He explains it after it has become respectable.

The emotional basis of the standard detective story was and had always been that murder will out and justice will be done. Its technical basis was the relative insignificance of everything except the final denouement. What led up to that was more or less passage-work. The denouement would justify everything. The technical basis of the "Black Mask" type of story was that the scene outranked the plot in the sense that a good plot was one which made good scenes. The ideal mystery was one you would read if the end was missing. We who tried to write it had the same point of view as the film makers. When I first went to work in Hollywood a very intelligent producer told me that you couldn't make a successful motion picture from a mystery story because the whole point was a disclosure that took a few seconds of screen time while the audience was reaching for its hat. He was wrong, but only because he was thinking of the wrong kind of mystery.

AS TO the emotional basis of the hard-boiled story, obviously it does not believe that murder will out and justice will be done—unless some very determined individual makes it his business to see that justice is done. The stories were about the men who made that happen. They were apt to be hard men and what they did, whether they were called police officers, private detectives, or newspapermen, was hard, dangerous work. It was work they could always get. There was plenty of it lying around. There still is. Undoubtedly the stories about them had a fantastic element. Such things happened, but not so rapidly nor to so close-knit a group of people nor within so narrow a frame of logic. This was inevitable because the demand was for constant action

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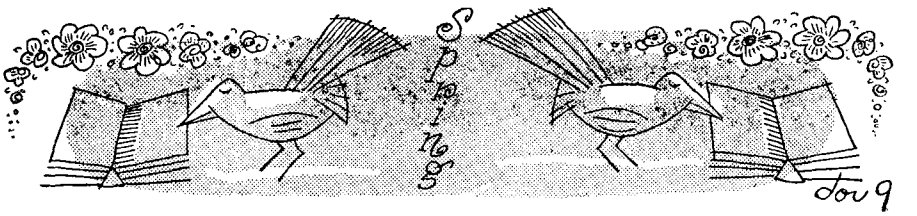
and if you stopped to think you were lost. When in doubt have a man come through a door with a gun in his hand. This could get to be pretty silly but somehow it didn't seem to matter. A writer who is afraid to over-reach himself is as useless as a general who is afraid to be wrong.

As I look back on my own stories it would be absurd if I did not wish they had been better. But if they had been much better they would not have been published. If the formula had been a little less rigid more of the writing of that time might have survived. Some of us tried pretty hard to break out of the formula but we usually got caught and sent back. To exceed the limits of a formula without destroying it is the dream of every magazine writer who is not a hopeless hack. There are things in my stories which I might like to change or leave out altogether. To do this may look simple but if you try you find you cannot do it at all. You will only destroy what is good without having any noticeable effect on what is bad. You cannot recapture the mood, the state of innocence, much less the animal gusto you had when you had very little else. Everything a writer learns about the art or craft of fiction takes just a little away from his need or desire to write at all. In the end he knows all the tricks and has nothing to say.

The mystery story is a kind of writing that need not dwell in the shadow of the past and owes little if any allegiance to the cult of the classics. It is a good deal more than unlikely that any writer now living will produce a better historical novel than "Henry Esmond," a better tale of children than "The Golden Age," a sharper social vignette than "Madame Bovary," a more graceful and elegant evocation than "The Spoils of Poynton," a wider and richer canvas than "War and Peace" or "The Brothers Karamazov." But to devise a more plausible mystery than "The Hound of the Baskervilles" or "The Purloined Letter" should not be too difficult. Nowadays it would be rather more difficult not to. There are no "classics" of crime and detection. Not one. Within its frame of reference, which is the only way it should be judged, a classic is a piece of writing which exhausts the possibilities of its form and can never be surpassed. No story or novel of mystery has done that yet. Few have come close. Which is one of the principal reasons why otherwise reasonable people continue to assault this citadel.

Raymond Chandler is the author of more than half a dozen mystery stories including "The Big Sleep."



Current Books Worth Reading

The Nation's Critics Vote

OF THE hundreds of new books publishers are offering this spring, at least a dozen particularly deserve the attention of discriminating readers, according to a poll of twenty-nine leading newspaper book editors and reviewers just completed by *The Saturday Review*. These books are:

General

"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute (Dutton)—seventeen votes.
"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill (to be published Apr. 24 by Houghton Mifflin)—twelve votes.
"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager (Yale)—eleven votes.
"John C. Calhoun: American Portrait," by Margaret L. Coit (Houghton Mifflin)—six votes.
"Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins," edited by John Hall Wheelock (Scribner's)—five votes.
"The Price of Union," by Herbert Agar (Houghton Mifflin)—five votes.

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey (Knopf)—twenty-two votes.
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson (Simon & Schuster)—twelve votes.
"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary (Harper)—twelve votes.
"Debby," by Max Steele (Harper)—six votes.
"The Feast," by Margaret Kennedy (Rinehart)—five votes.
Note: "The Cocktail Party," by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace) was recommended by three reviewers as a general work and by four reviewers as a work of fiction, giving it a total of seven votes.

As in previous seasons, *SRL* invited book editors and reviewers on the staffs of newspapers in every section of the country to recommend five works of fiction and five general books they considered especially worth while. Sixty general works and fifty-eight fiction works were named, including T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party," which was nominated in both categories. Only the twelve books listed above were suggested five times or more.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

W. G. ROGERS
Associated Press

General

"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill (to be published Apr. 24 by Houghton Mifflin).
"The Price of Union," by Herbert Agar (Houghton Mifflin).
"Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings," by Amy Kelly (Harvard).
"John C. Calhoun: American Portrait," by Margaret L. Coit (Houghton Mifflin).
"Of Men and Mountains," by William O. Douglas (Harper).

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey (Knopf).
"Debby," by Max Steele (Harper).
"The Short Cut," by Ennio Flaiano (Pellegrini & Cudahy).
"Red Bone Woman," by Carlyle Tillery (John Day).
"Men and Wives," by I. Compton-Burnett (to be published by Knopf).

J. F. ROTHERMEL
Birmingham News Age Herald

General

"Jefferson and Madison: The Great Collaboration," by Adrienne Koch (Knopf).
"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager (Yale).
"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Incredible Tale," by Gerald W. Johnson (to be published in May by Harper).
"Out of the Earth," by Louis Bromfield (Harper).

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The Outlander," by Germaine Geuvremont (Whittlesey).
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson (Simon & Schuster).

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"Wait for Tomorrow," by Robert Wilder (Putnam's).
"The Feast," by Margaret Kennedy (Rinehart).

Alice Dixon Bond
Boston Herald

General

"Worlds in Collision," by Immanuel Velikovsky (Macmillan).
"The Grand Alliance," by Winston Churchill.
"The Price of Union," by Herbert Agar.
"I Was There," by William D. Leahy (Whittlesey).
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute (Dutton).

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"I, My Ancestor," by Nancy Wilson Ross (Random).
"Red Bone Woman," by Carlyle Tillery.
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson.
"The Town," by Conrad Richter (to be published Apr. 24 by Knopf).

Van Allen Bradley
Chicago Daily News

General

"Byron: A Self-Portrait," edited by Peter Quennell (Scribner's).
"Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins," edited by John Hall Wheelock (Scribner's).
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"Out of the Earth," by Louis Bromfield.
"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill.

Fiction

"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary (Harper).
"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The Sidewalks Are Free," by Sam Ross (Farrar, Straus).
"Debby," by Max Steele (Harper).
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson.

Emmett Dedmon
Chicago Sun Times

General

"My Three Years in Moscow," by Walter Bedell Smith (Lippincott).
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"The Nine Lives of Europe," by Leo Lania (Funk & Wagnalls).
"The Cocktail Party," by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace).
"I Was There," by William D. Leahy.

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson.
"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary.
"The Hunter," by Hugh Fosburgh (Scribner's).
"The Strange Land," by Ned Calmer (Scribner's).

Frederic Babcock
Chicago Tribune

General

"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"Two Friends of Man," by Ralph Korngold (Little, Brown).
"Jefferson: The Scene of Europe," by Marie Kimball (Coward-McCann).
"On the Wisdom of America," by Lin Yutang (to be published in June by John Day).
"The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," by Edgar Kemmler (Little, Brown).

Fiction

"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson.
"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The World Is a Bridge," by Christine Weston (Scribner's).
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gebler (Doubleday).

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary.
"The Boat," by L. P. Hartley (Doubleday).
"The Cocktail Party," by T. S. Eliot.
"The Heart of a Queen," by J. Delves-Broughton (Whittlesey).

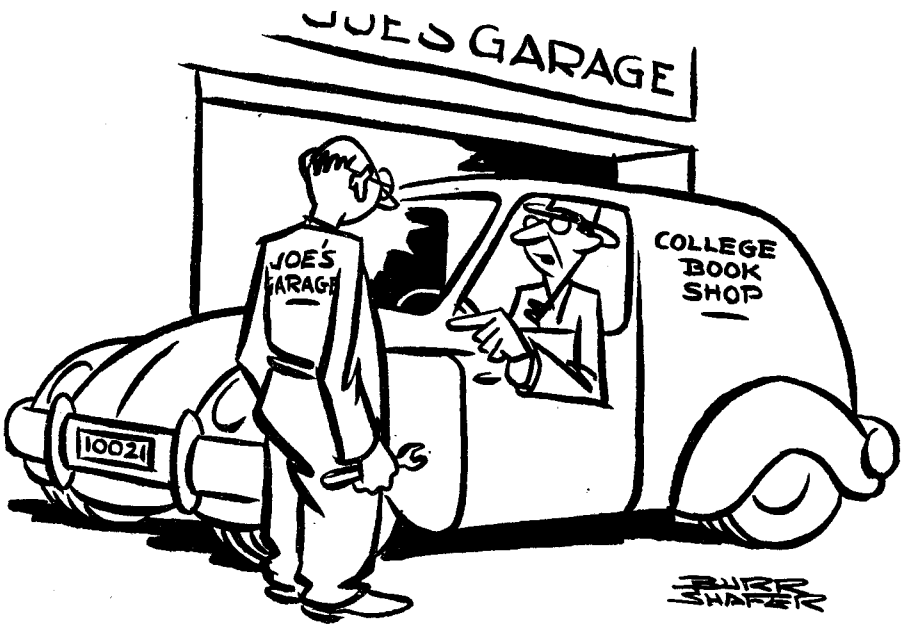
Frederick Yeiser
Cincinnati Enquirer

General

"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"The Great Mistakes of the War," by Hanson Baldwin (Harper).
"Escape to Adventure," by Fitzroy MacLean (Little, Brown).
"Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith," by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (Macmillan).
"Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins," edited by John Hall Wheelock.

Fiction

"The Specter of Alexander Wolf," by Gaito Gazdanov (Dutton).



"I suggest a look at the antepenultimate cylinder."

"The Sunnier Side," by Charles Jackson (Farrar, Straus).

Doris Peel
Christian Science Monitor

General

"John C. Calhoun: An American Portrait," by Margaret L. Coit.
"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager.
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"Of Men and Mountains," by William O. Douglas (Harper).
"I Was There," by William D. Leahy.
"Nothing," by Henry Green (Viking).
"The Short Cut," by Ennio Flaiano.
"The Greater Trumps," by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy).
"The Outsider," by Ernesto Sábato (Knopf).

Frank O'Neill
Cleveland News

General

"The Coming Defeat of Communism," by James Burnham (John Day).
"My Three Years in Russia," by Walter Bedell Smith.

(*Continued on page 58*)

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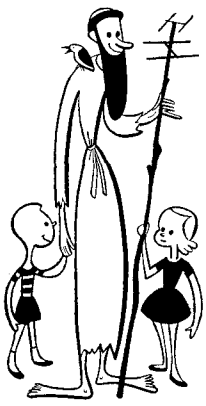
Children's Crusade

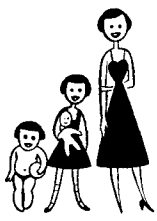
(A SCRIPT FOR HIGH SCHOOLS)

By Christopher Morley

Peter the Hermit in horror of his time, walks in a forest of young growing . . . .

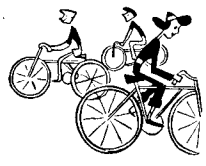


Sees its swift changes, and perils of chance . . . .



A skyline of strange shapes, and 'brightness falls from the air' . . . .

A vision of children on bicycles . . . .



And those children, not long hence, in the stress of young parents . . . .

PETER the Hermit riddled the air,
He cursed himself in his despair,
He wondered how to put in words
The milk of the matter, churned to curds.

Peter the Hermit—half clown, half sage—
Walked the dark woods of his Middle Age
Mulling his tripes and simmering rage:
Saw young plantations, pine and fir,
Striplings growing, some *him*, some *her*,
And cried to the gods Oh Madam, Oh Sir,
Who cares what the roots and brambles were?
All make sense to the Forester.
He looks with charity on both,
Since Growth is God, and God is Growth.

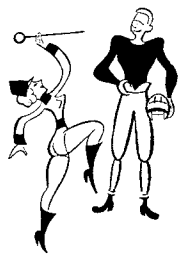
The life so brief
From seed to leaf
Gropes and climbs and rearranges
In shapes and energies so sweet
No loving memory can repeat
Their gradual and subtle changes.
But woods, and men, can burn; who hinders
Idiots who scatter cinders?
Who appoints himself fire-warden
And makes all his plans accord'n?

Peter saw T. V. antennae
Of many forms (and payments many)
Built like crowsnests rather skinny,
Patterns parallel or lopsides
Crowning second-mortgage topsides.
A fishrod this way baits for yammer,
A prong stuck that way pipes in glamour,
And how much codfish, how much crow
Comes scooping in by video!
Such juice of hebenon had been poured
(See "Hamlet") Pete went overboard.
Listen, children, and you shall hear
His midnight ride in ionosphere.

The trees grow, the winds blow,
Kids ride bicycles to and fro:
But listen, kids,
The time is near to open the bids.
Fear compounds and pyramids;
The world is lying in wait for you,
It might be even too late for you
In Nineteen-Fifty-X or so.

Maybe you're parents by then, poor apes?
Parents, you'll find, have no escapes.
Good-by bobbysocks, good-by comics,
Roll down jeans; Home Economics
Deals with actual human stummicks.

A montage of their memories of high school . . . .



But the Old Folks are not likely to have any fresh ideas while behind the radish-shape domes of the Kremlin is the riddle of another world, where sickles look like questionmarks . . . .

And two halves of the world dance back-to-back . . . .

The youngest of all are already out in scooters and strollers and baby-carriages . . . .

The stroller (be careful how you park it)
Goes only to the supermarket;
Bubble the diapers, hoist like a sack
The twenty-pound babe till your pelves crack;
Meet, six-thirty, your young-old man
Who looks, by then, like Caliban.
Farewell teachers and teachers' pets,
Farewell white-ham majorettes,
Forgotten the halfback (second string)
Who made your high-school hormones sing.
Life was too smart to let you or me
Guess how tough it was going to be.
It'll bend your back and swell your girth—it
Is still unquestionably worth it.

And 'bye now old folks, 'bye grandparents
Full of I dassn'ts and We daren'ts:
They swinked their utmost, hither and yon,
But if men begin to throw chunks of sun
Yours is the chin they're taken on.
The Kremlin's heart is a cold red radish,
Reads no Bible, sings no Kaddish?
Yet maybe behind-the-curtain Russians
Are no keener than we on world-concussions?
Farewell lethargy and despair—
Up with political fresh air.

United Nations dance dozy-doe:
Set to partners, then back-to-backed
Politburo and Atlantic Pact
And thinking their prestige enhancing
Cry to the world, Look Ma, we're dancing.
And the kids ride bicycles to and fro—
But listen, kids, they've got you cased:
Unless a few millions of you make haste
The future is aiming straight for you
Planning a wholesale fate for you,
Drawing (your favor!) its big blank checks
On Nineteen-Hundred-and Fifty-X.

Spring trees growing,
Spring winds blowing,
Kids on bicycles to-and-froing,
And smaller tykes, too small for bikes,
Too innocent to know or care
Or how or where
The Great Stupidity is flowing.
My daughter's son, my daughter's daughter,
Are they to be drowned in Heavy Water?

Time and differentials vary,
Each human soul is momentary,
But its brief and craving fit
Is urgent, terribly, to it:

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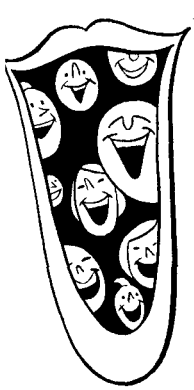
A dream of hands, writing . . . .

So what, cried Peter, is good intent's worth?
Let's put in our own three cents' worth:
How's about writing ten million letters
To your elders (not your betters)—
World-revolution liliputian
Might mean stay of execution?
Strong as a bomb of hydrogen
Could be the school-kids' ballpoint pen?
Click-clack-click on the typewriter platen
Probably won't outstupefy Satan,
But have we born a generation
Sterile for lack of imagination?
The Future is our own creation.

In a smell of smoke the whole world needs a baby-sitter . . . .

Young parents woke
To a smell of smoke,
Saw, and stamped on, a burning ember
(Speech of a highrank Cabinet member).
Call the firehouse, ring from the steeple:
Talk about "licking hell out of people"
Is crude bravado, bunkum, pus—
Listen, you can't do that to Us.
Unless our nerves are mighty steady
Maybe we're in hell already.
You see, we're learning:
We'll stay awake
For Buster's sake
If his guts are churning—
We'll do our bit
And babysit
For a whole world, if it's burning.

Peter hears the Forgotten Voice, the Voice that has no audience; and appeals for a showman . . . .



Said Peter: there are V.I.P.'s
(Too silent, most, in libraries)
And these, immortals who never died,
Might check our push for suicide:
Come in, come in, wherever you are,
From Germany, France, USSR,
Come, before we get hysteric, a
Voice not just the Voice of America
But a Voice wherever said or sung
In comedy, cartoon, poem, ballet
To dance us out of our black blind alley—
The Forgotten Voice. The Voice of The Young.
We have chivvied the earth and strafed her
With prude, professor, gull and grafter:
We have tried everything but Laughter.
The Author of All is a showman, isn' he?
Come in, some supercosmic Disney.

He calls on Some Very Important People . . . .

I summon, said Peter, without schmoos,
Uncle Remus and Mother Goose,
I call the spirits who understand:
Snow White, Alice in Wonderland,
Davy's Goblin, Beautiful Joe,
Little Boy Blue and Ivanhoe;
Sherlock Holmes and Little Red Hen,

Little Women, and Little Men.
I call Three Bears and Five Little Peppers,
Helen's Babies at their capers,
I am fed up with Mr. Bigs,
I call instead on Four Little Pigs,
Calling all ghosts that can rise above
This gumshoe death.
Call those you love.
Call Fauntleroy in his velvet suits,
Or Peck's Bad Boy, or Puss-in-Boots,
Call Cinderella's midnight coach,
Mehitabel and Archy the Roach,
Bulldog Drummond, Christopher Robin,
Topsy (c/o Uncle Tom's Cabin),
The Robinsons (Swiss) or Robinson Crusoe,
Or Leatherstocking—and when you do so
Remember Krag the Kootenai Ram,
Mr. Pickwick, Penrod and Sam,
The Psammead and the Bandersnatch,
And Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.
Call for help, when the world looks ugly
Mickey Mouse, Mother Wolf and Mowgli:
Broadcast any kindly parable
(Said Peter) that makes life look less horrible.
If I'm wrong, I won't be found
In dispersal underground.
I'm right here, where I always was,
With Huck Finn and the Wizard of Oz.

And even suggests that Laughter might help . . . .

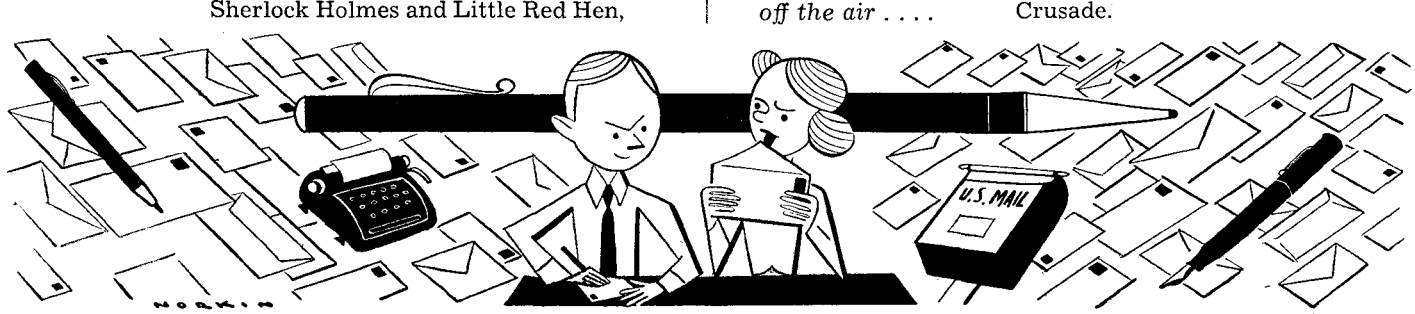
So borrow, boxtop, beg or steal,
Thumb your way by automobile,
By flattery, impudence or stealth
To the jaded men of the commonwealth:
Cry from a hundred thousand schools
What do you think you're doing, fools?
The old folks are a bunch of shown-ups,
Life's too humorous for grown-ups,
All they can think of is to break it:
Their slumber is too deep to wake it—
Older people just can't take it.
When all anger has been spent
Laughter is disarmament.

Trees were growing,
Fresh winds blowing,
Children getting a bit more knowing.
They scripted it, in ballpoint ink,
Now is later than you think.
The only language universal
Is laughter, which needs no rehearsal—
Laughter, which disarms and cures:
Make the world laugh and it is yours.

So Peter the Hermit spilled his soul.
They monitored him in the glass control,
But he really called a spade a spade. . . .

But having no Sponsor, is cut off the air . . . .

And that's what started the Kids' Crusade.



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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

Gigantic Boiler

No American will think it wrong of me if I proclaim that to have the United States at our side was to me the greatest joy. Silly people—and there were many, not only in enemy countries—might discount the force of the United States. Some said they were soft, others that they would never be united. They would fool around at a distance. They would never come to grips. They would never stand blood-letting. Their democracy and system of recurrent elections would paralyze their war effort. They would be just a vague blur on the horizon to friend or foe. Now we should see the weakness of this numerous but remote, wealthy, and talkative people. But I had studied the American Civil War, fought out to the last desperate inch. American blood flowed in my veins. I thought of a remark which Edward Grey had made to me more than thirty years before—that the United States is like "a gigantic boiler. Once the fire is lighted under it there is no limit to the power it can generate."

—*From "The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill (to be published Apr. 24 by Houghton Mifflin).*

That Man Kodak

Some of the soldiers, half-naked, were splashing themselves at the well, rubbing themselves with snow, shaving, wrapping their foot-clouts round their feet; others were heating American tinned foods for breakfast.

"Why are all the labels on your tins printed in English?" I asked, and smiled because I knew what the reply would be.

"So that the Allies can read what the Red Army eats. We know what's in them, so we don't need labels. But the English and the Americans are fools; they can't tell what is bacon and onion and pork, so our factories print the labels in English so that they know what we eat."

"I see," I said, and expressed my admiration for the Russian managers of canning factories who were able to foresee all these contingencies.

We were supposed to leave immediately after breakfast, but were delayed by the sudden appearance of the Sergeant with a Kodak camera, which, of course, had to be taken to pieces. Everybody realized that. A few minutes later the Kodak lay in pieces among the half-eaten crusts of bread, bits of bacon rind, and black tobacco that littered the table. It now had to be put together again. This was done in a moment. Two screws remained on the table.

"There, you see," said Makarof complacently, "that man Kodak in America, or wherever he is, made a mistake; two screws too many. But the Russians are a clever lot, and we found it out immediately."

I ventured to observe that it might not be possible to take photographs with it now, and true enough, after several attempts it was found that it was no good for photographing. The Sergeant leaned out of the window and roared at a passing peasant child, who stopped, terrified. "Here you are," said the Sergeant graciously, and thrust the camera into the little fellow's hands. The child ran off hugging it, and the Sergeant turned, picked up the two screws from the table and, with a Chaplinesque gesture, threw them out of the window.

—*From "Comes the Comrade!" by Alexandra Orme (to be published May 17 by William Morrow).*

End papers of "Comes the Comrade!"

Role: Rough Rider

Theodore Roosevelt died in 1919, and after thirty years it is evident that not his career only but his whole public character was as carefully fabricated as any in our national history. . . . [He] is impressive evidence to support the theory that statecraft is not a science, but a branch of the art of dramaturgy. He was an actor of genius, but his first audience was himself. He put on his show primarily to satisfy Theodore Roosevelt, and the fact that it also satisfied millions of others was no more than corroborative testimony that it was good. He despised what he was—weak, lapped in luxury, gently bred—so he deliberately set out to be what he was not, strong, hardy, rough. Of course, he couldn't do it, and the effort killed him at sixty-one; but he put up a performance so magnificent that he has come down in history as the Rough Rider, and his contemporaries never doubted that he was the toughest of the tough. Indeed, as far as the history of his own times is concerned, he was just that, for the country responded to the impression he made upon it; and now that he has become as a tale that is told, the impression is the man.

—*From "Incredible Tale," by Gerald W. Johnson (to be published May 24 by Harper).*

Beyond the Paleface

"I hope Manthy don't take it on herself to come in the yard," Mr. Randall thought as the two sisters approached the front gate and his view of them

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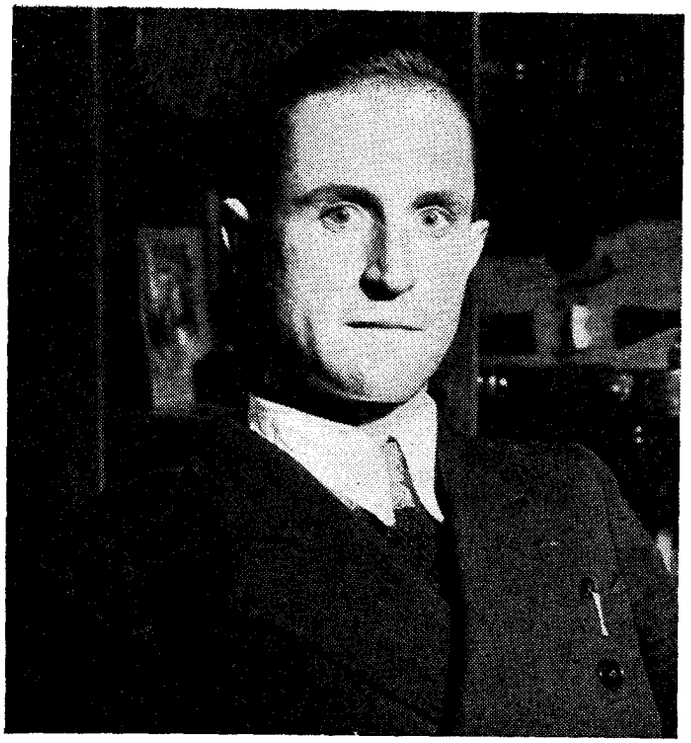
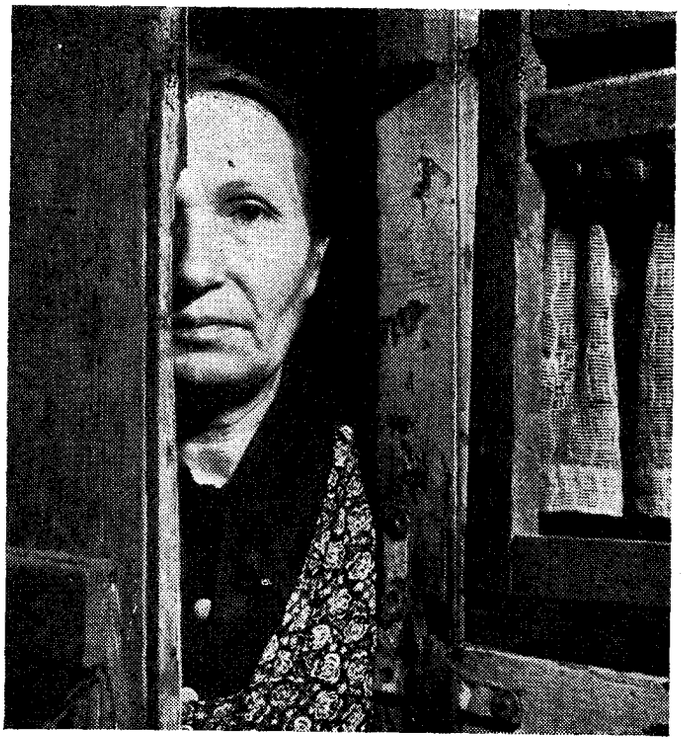
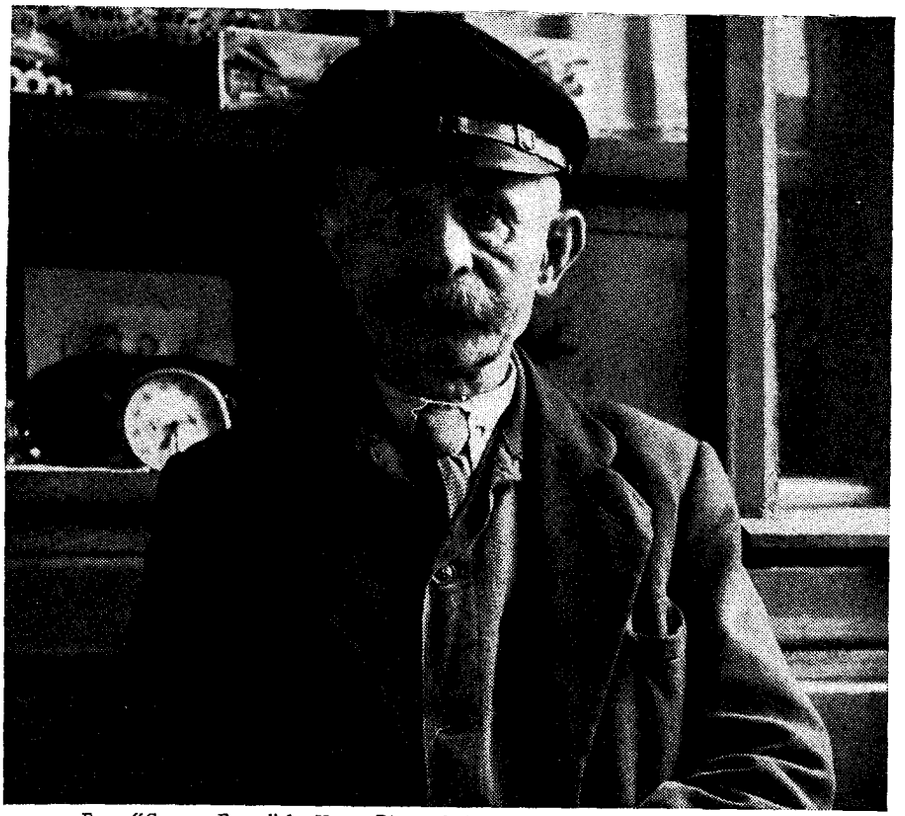
Postwar Portrait — "German Faces"



Johann Neuner: "As mayor it is my first duty to bring back prosperity to our people. Mittenwald is a resort town, and we need our rooms for tourists—not for expellees and refugees . . . [AMG] started their forums and they went over big with the refugees and Communists. At first I ignored them, later I called my own town meeting. Of course, only myself and my deputy spoke . . . there was no reason for anyone else on the platform."



Anna Gahmann: "The British are purposely starving the Germans. They got all the building materials. They looted German gasoline. They have no *Kultur* . . . You Americans don't care for them either . . . Well, we Germans have no use for them. They have a grand time here, and they don't want to go back. But you mark my words, mister . . . one day those Britishers will have to leave our country, and we'll be dead sure they'll never come back."



—From "German Faces," by Henry Ries and Ann Stringer (to be published June 12 by Sloane).

Emil Bauer: "You ask us a lot of fool questions but don't even hear our answers. We ask for a living wage and more food. What do we get? Currency reform that cuts our salary in one-tenth and on top of that you take away our extra rations. We tell you we want socialization of the mines . . . the British promised it . . . Then you Americans come along . . . and the mines stay capitalist . . . You and your commissions and control boards and output quotas! And now your dismantling . . . you tell us we must pay for the war . . . How, if you dismantle every stick and stone on German soil?"

Karl Knoebl: "It is unfortunate Mittenwald is so crowded. There really isn't room for the expellees . . . The so-called victorious nations who pass themselves off as liberators want to crush us so that we cannot rise again. They talk about guilt and punishment, but I ask, 'What have we done?'"

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was cut off by the house. Tempie often went to her mother's in the afternoons, but he never went with her. And none of her family came to his house. The fact the Hampers still kept their distance was one thing that buttressed his belief that he had not really gone to the Red Bones even though he was living with one.

"Does you lak livin with Mista Rannel?" he heard Manthy ask.

"Course I does. Don't these here purdy new thengs show thet he treats me good?" Apparently the girls thought he was out of earshot as well as out of sight.

"Thet ain't wut I meant," he heard Manthy say. "He's so skinny an looks lak he don't hev much life. I been wonderin effen he wuz a rale he man."

"Effen my man is a rale he man or no ain't none of your business! But I'll tell you this rat now: Mista Rannel may be skinny an quiet, but he's a rat pow'ful man when he has got the notion."

Mr. Randall's narrow chest swelled with pride.

"But he don't git the notion often enough."

"How come he don't?"

"Hit's cause he thenks I is a nigger."

"How come you go on livin with him effen he thenks you is a nigger?"

"Cause he can't holp thenkin I is a nigger. He's heerd his kine of white people say all his life thet us Spanish white people wuz niggers."

"Effen he don't lak the idy of livin with a nigger, an he thenks you is a nigger, how come he lives with you?"

"Cause I ain't a nigger. Effen I wuz a nigger he wouldn't live with me. But cause he thenks I is a nigger he's onhappy livin with me."

—*From "Red Bone Woman," by Carlyle Tillery (John Day).*

Whatever Is, Is

PEOPLE ARE interesting, what happens to them is interesting, life is intensely interesting in whatever direction it may take, happy or tragic; and it is a peculiarity of the human species that the unhappy holds more interest for us than the happy. Certainly the pure and the good have little place in literature. Longfellow and Whittier fairly pullulate with wholesome sentiments, and there is scarcely a line of real poetry to be found in their work. "Fine feelings are the stuff that bad literature is made of," writes André Gide; and the opening line of "Anna Karenina" reads: "Happy families are all alike, but each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way," whereupon Tolstoy proceeds with breath-taking art to lay bare for us the superb story of a miserable marriage; and even in "War and Peace," of all works of literature the most "normal," bursting with health and sunlight and joyous with affirmation of life, the face of evil, which is always the other side of the coin we treasure, constantly reveals itself. Or, to take "Crime and Punishment," of all its many characters, who but Svidrigailov, that most depraved and lost of men, is chosen to reveal to us the profoundest meanings of the novel and, in his tortured recollection of a child seduced, to shake our heart to its roots with pity and love for mankind. As it is with the great novels, so it is in life. Whatever is, is—and I'm interested in it.

—*From "The Sunnier Side," by Charles Jackson (Farrar, Straus).*

A New Girl

DEAR SISTER:

Well, the great event has happened. I had supposed that he would treat me as the master has done, to be unaware of my existence unless there is an errand he wants; but no indeed! He comes downstairs and I am dusting for dear life but shaky a little inside. He sees me and stops and says, "Why, what's this! A new girl!" He makes some exclamation which I take to be French, but of course I can't spell it. He says, "Turn around," and I suppose that is a proper command since it would be very rude to keep my back turned to him. He exclaims, "A pretty one!" and asks, "You weren't here when I left, were you?" I say, "No, sir," and I am trembling now in my knees. He says, "Where did you come from?" and I tell him, "From Mesa Seco," and he says, "Where the devil is that?" I would like to say, "Oh, sir, you must not use such language to me," but I am not sure it is bad enough to deserve an admonition.

He stands there and looks me over as if he were about to buy a filly or a heifer. "Why, you are a sweet thing!" says he. "How old are you?" And I tell him, "I was seventeen last week, sir." He asks, "And did Aunt Maggie give you a birthday party?" I say, "No, sir, I did not tell her." Says he, "What a shame!" and then, "You shall have a party, this very day. Come and take a drive with me and we will have a lovely party!" I say, "Oh, sir, I could not do that! I have my duties." So he says, "All right then, this evening. Say nothing to anybody, but come away and we will have a party to end all parties!"

I had not supposed it would be anything like that, so very sudden, and I am at a loss what to say next. I think fast and say, "But I have duties in the evening also, sir." "What?" he says. "They work you at night, too? But this is wage slavery! It shall not be permitted in my home! I will speak to Aunt Maggie about it and have it stopped!" But I say, "Oh, sir, it is not her duties that I have in the evening. It is my duties to God." "What?" he cries again; and then, "Oh, my God!" I say, "Yes, sir, your God and mine, too." Says he, "Tell me what is it you do in the evening?" and I say, "I read a chapter in my Testament, and then I read a chapter in one of our books of interpretation." At this he exclaims, "Well, I'll be God-damned!" and I know that that is the time for real admonishment. I say, "You may be indeed, sir, if you persist in using language like that."

—*From "Another Pamela, or Virtue Still Rewarded," by Upton Sinclair (to be published Apr. 24 by Viking).*

—*From the jacket of "Red Bone Woman."*

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—*Acme.*

Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss—"The defense admitted the fatal facts."

Espionage or Frame-up?

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

GREAT political trials have a way of summing up and symbolizing the essential conflicts of the time. The courtroom gives abstract issues a sharp and fateful personal embodiment; it transforms politics into a drama in which the spectators have an irresistible sense of identification, if not always of catharsis. Like other such trials, the case of Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers will undoubtedly go down as a significant episode in the moral and intellectual history of our epoch.

Was Alger Hiss a Communist agent who over a period of years systematically delivered U. S. secret documents to the Soviet Union? Or was he the innocent victim of a diabolical frame-up, planned and executed by a man who was a confessed perjurer and spy and who displayed the symptoms of a morbid and psychopathic personality? For some people this question may never be satisfactorily answered. For twenty out of twenty-four American citizens, however, who made up the juries in two long and exhausting trials, Hiss was guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. And, for the authors of "Seeds of Treason,"* a swift and readable book, there is no doubt at all that in the essential facts Chambers was telling the truth.

Ralph de Toledano, of *Newsweek*, and Victor Lasky, of the *New York World-Telegram* and *The Sun*, covered the case for their respective journals. In this work they have dug into the past and have tried to reconstruct the strange and tangled story which reached its melancholy consummation a few months ago in Foley Square. They depict Chambers as a man of inquiring and sensitive mind, convinced in the Twenties that the times were hopelessly out of joint and driven to the Communist Party as a solution. As a Communist he was active as journalist and writer; his literary efforts won the enthusiastic praise of Lincoln Steffens. Then, in 1932, the Party selected him for underground work. In the next few years he became an essential link in the Soviet espionage apparatus. There he met the promising young lawyer Alger Hiss.

Hiss is drawn in less convincing detail; as the authors concede in the preface, he "moves through these pages thinly." They seem unable to decide whether he was a genuine Bolshevik, committed to the Communist cause by cold and hard-headed decision, or an ambitious, idealistic, and weak young man genuinely aroused by the menace of Fascism and propelled in Communist directions by his wife, whom they call the Eumenides, and by his Harvard Law School friend Lee Pressman. For whatever reason, he became, they say, a member of the Communist Party, began his delivery of secret papers to Chambers as counsel for the Nye Committee in 1934, and continued his membership after Chambers had decided to break. In its last sections "Seeds of Treason" seems to imply that Hiss was operating under Communist discipline to the end.

What is one to make of this story? The authors of "Seeds of Treason" do not seek to conceal their sympathy with Chambers. They overstate their case, it seems to me, in several particulars. Yet I cannot but feel that the main lines of their reconstruction are convincing. Of the two alternatives —Hiss as a Communist agent or Hiss as the victim of a frame-up—the first seems to me to explain more of the facts of the case than the second. And, if there is a middle ground, if Hiss was neither quite a Communist agent nor the entirely innocent victim of a frame-up, then his conduct in permitting men like Mr. Justice Frankfurter and Secretary Acheson to go moral bail for his entire innocence is surely culpable.

The frame-up thesis is hard to sustain. If it were a frame-up why should Chambers have waited so long to spring the trap? Even in 1948, it must be remembered, he did not spring the trap; he appeared before the Un-American Activities Committee, not on his own initiative, but in response to a subpoena. Nor did he charge Hiss with espionage until the filing of the libel suit forced him to do so in self-defense.

IN THE end, moreover, it was not a matter of convicting Hiss on the unsupported word of Chambers. The documents and the typewriter, not the statements of Chambers, bore most decisively against Hiss. And it was not a matter of choosing between Hiss's explanation of this evidence, on the one hand, and Chambers's, on the other. The most damaging count against Hiss was that in two trials his defense attempted no such explanation. The defense not only failed to provide evidence as to how Chambers might have carried out what they implied was a monstrous frame-up; it did not even venture a detailed hypothesis as to how he could theoretically have done it. The defense, in short, admitted the fatal facts and provided no other explanation for them.

Some of the surrounding facts, moreover, seem to me to place Hiss in what is at least an ambiguous position. His relationship with Lee Pressman, for example, raises questions; so,

*SEEDS OF TREASON. By Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 270 pp. $3.50.

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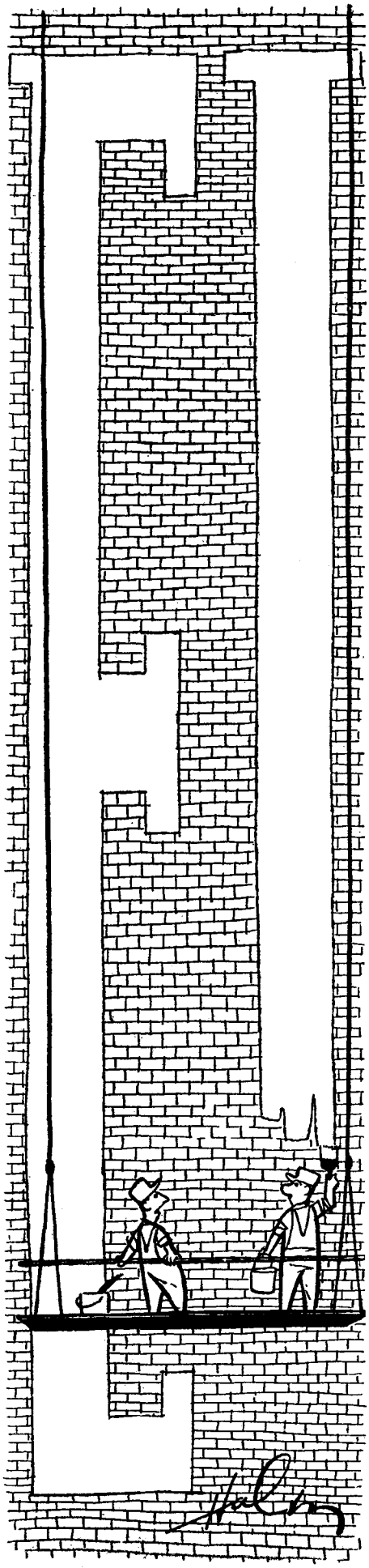

"I'm sure it's *i* before *e*."

too, does his relationship with Noel Field. I had some contact myself with Noel Field when he came to OSS/Paris in the winter of 1944-45, armed with a letter from Allen W. Dulles (whose brother was later to recommend Alger Hiss for his Carnegie job). Field was trying to persuade the OSS to subsidize a German Communist group in France, and it required only a few sessions to convince those in OSS who dealt with him that he was a dedicated Stalinist. Yet Hiss saw no harm in Noel Field. Even after the Unitarian Service Committee got rid of Field for his pro-Communist activities Hiss recommended him to Freda Kirchwey as an Eastern European correspondent for *The Nation*.

In short, there is too much to explain and the defense failed to explain it. Instead, friends of Hiss launched a whispering campaign against Chambers, made up of noisome personal rumors which the defense never tried to substantiate in open court. In the context of the failure of the defense, "Seeds of Treason" can hardly but seem broadly persuasive.

It is nevertheless a book with defects. It is written in indignation and, while the indignation may be honorable, it results, in my judgment, in certain distortions of history. "In all cases where Chambers's story was verifiable," they say, "it checked"; yet Chambers's story had its contradictions, too, and in certain points—such as his Government employment record—his story did not check. They give Elizabeth Bentley altogether too clean a bill. Not all ex-Communists are equally reliable, and Miss Bentley's story, judging by the eventual vindication of William Remington, was a perhaps insoluble mixture of fact and fantasy. There are occasional factual slips, such as dating the Palmer raids after Palmer had ceased to be Attorney-General. And there is an entirely gratuitous reference to the pro-Communist activities of James A. Wechsler as a student fifteen years ago without mention of the fact that for well over a decade Mr. Wechsler has been one of the most intelligent anti-Communists in America.

"Seeds of Treason" has a tendency, too, to give the Communists too much credit—to suggest that they instigated situations when in fact they only exploited them after the fact. Communist motivation played a very minor part in the setting up of the Nye Committee, for example; and, when the authors talk about "the State Department's suicidal China policy," they talk as if they knew of any policy, short of the commitment of American troops, which would have averted the Communist revolution in China. I find particularly unconvincing their attempts to show that Hiss influenced U. S. policy. Indeed, their whole argument on this point contradicts their earlier arguments that Hiss's mission was espionage and that he could not afford to betray his primary assignment by showing his hand in policy questions. "Seeds of Treason" exaggerates Hiss's role at Yalta and misrepresents the significance of the Yalta agreements; it suggests, for example, that the provision for the veto power in the Security Council was a concession to Stalin and it misstates the agreement on voting in the General Assembly. Thus the book succumbs to a vulgar anti-Communism, which in its major thrust it largely escapes.

WHAT of the future? The Hiss-Chambers tragedy has posed important questions to Americans. Reactionaries tend to regard it as a triumphant demonstration of, say, the virtue of Martin Dies. Yet Isaac Don Levine apparently told the substance of the Chambers story to Dies in 1940, and Dies, who, as De Toledano and Lasky put it, "seemed much more interested in pursuing hapless liberals and belaboring fellow travelers than in busting open the spy ring," did nothing. The detection of espionage requires more delicate instruments than the smear-brush and the meat-axe.

Some high-minded conservatives, on the other hand, have found it hard to admit the possibility of Hiss's guilt. To do so, as James A. Wechsler has suggested in his brilliant commentary on the case, would be to admit that so able and promising a young man as Alger Hiss could turn against the existing order; it would be to admit that there was something basically wrong with the existing order. Such conservatives had better understand that all people do not share their complacency about the status quo.

As for liberals, many felt themselves implicated in the tragedy of Alger Hiss. The fellow travelers and the United Fronters might well have a there-but-for-the-grace-of-God feeling about Hiss; but the sense of involvement which some New Dealers have seems to me illogical. Far from indicting the New Deal, the spy investigations have not involved any leading New Dealers in subversive activities. No evidence has been produced to show that the secret Communists influenced any important New Deal policy. For a brief period the fellow travelers took over one New Deal agency—the National Labor Relations Board, but Roosevelt was well aware of the situation and the purging of the NLRB was a major White House project in 1940. For the rest, Communists spotted here and there in the Government sought jobs for their friends and some engaged in espionage, but they did not affect decisions

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of public policy. The New Deal may be charged with neglect, but there were more urgent issues than Communism in the late 1930's, and neglect is far different from complicity. Adolf Berle's testimony on Communist penetration of the Government before the Un-American Activities Committee seems to me to represent a measured estimate of the situation: "I should question whether their actual importance at any time, except in a few limited areas in Washington, was as grave as they [the ex-Communists] like to make out."

"Seeds of Treason" is a work of journalism, not of history nor of the deeper psychology. For a more adequate account of the motives behind the tragedy one must go to an illuminating observation which Chambers himself made in an interview after the trial. He and Hiss, Chambers pointed out, both became of age in "a world wracked by global wars and social struggles." Both came from "a proud but impoverished middle-class family." Both had an astonishing history of self-destruction in the immediate family circle; it must not be forgotten that both Hiss's father and sister committed suicide—events which could not have seemed to a sensitive young man anything but shattering votes of no-confidence in the existing order. Then the great Depression came as the ultimate exposure of the capitalist system. "Like me," said Chambers, "I believe he saw in the decline of his family the image of a society in disintegration." It is little wonder if such young men yearned after a new social religion.

This is a personal tragedy without end. The friends of Alger Hiss will not turn their backs on him, and it does them credit and honor. As for Whittaker Chambers, as Arthur Koestler has said, men look on a renegade with an involuntary but profound repugnance, and it seems likely that Chambers, for all his subsequent and real service to the country, will never escape the stigma of his original betrayal. But one questions whether the Hiss case will again become a public tragedy, like the Dreyfus case or the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Unless a Zola emerges to make more specific accusations than the Hiss defense has yet made, or unless a Gardner Jackson appears to transform lingering doubts into a Hiss Defense Committee, the Hiss affair will probably trail off into dark oblivion. It is to be noted that Gardner Jackson, that gallant and courageous liberal who did as much as any man to keep up the fight for Sacco and Vanzetti, knew Alger Hiss, and, to judge from the quotations from Jackson in "Seeds of Treason," he is not likely to regard this case as a gross miscarriage of justice.

Fiction. *With the exception of another fine novel by an Italian, Ennio Flaiano's "The Short Cut," all of the fiction reviewed this week is concerned with young women heroines and the bewildered males who surround them. This is true of most of the stories in Charles Jackson's "The Sunnier Side," his best book since "The Lost Weekend." In Kathleen Winsor's "Star Money," the author of "Forever Amber" writes about the fate of an unknown and beautiful girl who writes an historical novel which sells a million copies in five months. There is a distressed young mistress of a school on a tropical island in Phyllis Bottome's "Under the Skin," and in Harry Sylvester's "A Golden Girl" a lovely American involves a Peruvian bullfighter and some prominent Americans in her bewildering inconstancies. Carlyle Tillery's "Red Bone Woman" is a Southern novel of racial troubles involved for the first time with a young woman of Indian blood.*

Here Is Arcadia, New York

THE SUNNIER SIDE. By Charles Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 311 pp. $2.75.

By Hollis Alpert

I REMEMBER more than ten years ago coming across a short story in *Partisan Review* by a then unknown writer called C. R. Jackson and I wondered when a few years later "The Lost Weekend" appeared whether Charles Jackson and C. R. Jackson were the same. This volume of twelve "Arcadian Tales" makes it clear that they are, for "Palm Sunday" is included in it along with Mr. Jackson's second published piece of writing—also from *Partisan Review*—"Rachel's Summer." Perhaps the most noticeable fact about these stories is how very neatly they manage to relate to one another, to form parts of a distinct whole, while in themselves being separate and satisfying works. You would have to think back to "Winesburg, Ohio" to find a book which achieved something similar.

Not that the two volumes can be compared on any other grounds beyond this, and beyond stating that both explore a small-town milieu. Anderson was primarily the story writer, while Jackson, no matter how accomplished the telling of his tales, always seems the novelist. Each of his stories explores its subject in a wholly relaxed and leisurely fashion; the background is made to seem fully as important as the characters and from time to time Mr. Jackson literally tells the reader that he must hold himself back from going on and on with his nostalgic looking backward, with his reflections about the characteristics of small-town life in upper New York State between 1910 and 1920. He does this exploring so well that this reader, for one, would not have minded. One can, of course, carp that the form of the short story demands more concision, more compression than Mr. Jackson gives it—and at the same time one is grateful that for *these* stories Mr. Jackson did not adhere to the canons.

Here is Arcadia, New York, a consciously fictitious name. And while there is much sunlight and a kind of golden quality pervading the atmosphere he creates, the lives he describes are generally anything but arcadian in their nature. "The Sunnier Side" is the longest of the collection, taking up about a fourth of the book. It is certainly as uncompromising and as mordant as the earliest of his stories and yet it appeared in *Cosmopolitan*, thus exposing such aberrations as nymphomania, alcoholism, Oedipus relationships, and adultery to millions of readers supposedly protected from such matters by the mass-audience taboos. The story takes the form of an exchange of letters between the author and a woman he knew as a girl in Arcadia. Mr. Jackson, presumably, wishes to show the letter writer why he writes as he does and while doing so recounts the before and after of three of the "golden" girls he knew as a boy. One marries the image of her father and dies an abortive, psychosomatic sort of death; another takes the long road to hell of drink and sex, winding up as a public flagellant in a small Mexican town; the third expires in a self-set funeral pyre, her home, after murdering her family. It is not particularly pleasant stuff, but it is made altogether compelling and far more tragic than melo-

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dramatic. Along the way Mr. Jackson feels the need to explore his credo as a writer and to analyze some of the great works of fiction. And, quite remarkably, he takes time out to state that something (the public flagellation) didn't actually happen; he only made it up, while challenging the reader to stop believing it. The challenge remains unanswerable, for one can only see the event as a kind of fitting climax to Eudora's life. By the way, the ending of "The Sunnier Side," sheerly as an ending, is as accomplished and moving as you will find anywhere. I think the word haunting might very well describe it for that is the effect it achieves.

Of the others, "Rachel's Summer," which shows a girl of sixteen being destroyed by small-town "morality," struck me as most memorable. It contains the sacrifice theme which is also in Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery," but here it is handled in more authentic fashion. Those who came across the story when it first appeared must have filed Mr. Jackson's name as someone to be heard from. He has been heard from but these stories represent his best work since "The Lost Weekend" and give every indication that he is a writer of lasting inventiveness and power.

Forever Friendships with Sex

STAR MONEY. By Kathleen Winsor. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 442 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

KATHLEEN WINSOR needs no introduction to this or any other audience of readers. For a year her charmingly naive countenance gazed at the public out of advertisements in newspapers and literary magazines and from the dust jacket of more than a million copies of "Forever Amber." Miss Winsor had fulfilled the American dream: young, beautiful, unknown, and presumably unaided, she had won fame and fortune overnight, and the movies had bought her book for an astronomical sum. It was a long, bawdy novel about an acquisitive, conscienceless girl who fought her way out of a squalid village and the gutters of London into the most dissolute court in Europe to become the mistress of Charles the Second. Vulgar, sometimes amateurishly written, it was strident and vital. It seemed obvious that if the author was not drowned in the seas of glamour and envy that too often overwhelm sudden success her next book would repeat in some other stormy period the same infallible recipe for historical novels: sex, hate, and bloody conflict.

Instead, Miss Winsor's "Star Money" is as contemporary as she is herself. It is in fact about a beautiful small-town girl, married at the beginning of the late unlamented war to a young soldier who is about to be sent to the Pacific. Shireen Delaney had been working for four years in and out of a library on an historical novel about a beautiful, turbulent woman in Jamaica in 1700. She sends it to a literary agent in New York and in five months it has sold a million copies and the movies have bought it for an astronomical sum. But the reader who thinks that his curiosity will be satisfied about what fate once had in store for the author of "Forever Amber" will be disappointed. Though Miss Winsor omits the conventional prefatory note stating that none of the characters in "Star Money" resembles anybody living or dead, there is an announcement on the jacket affirming that the central character "is not and is not intended to be myself." This will, of course, prevent the author from suing herself and her publishers for libel, and it is highly doubtful if anyone will be willing to discover his or her likeness in the long procession of lovers, literary agents, newspapermen, calculating publishers, authors, and members of New York cafe society who stream through her book.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that though Miss Winsor has altered the character and behavior of her heroine so that it bears no resemblance to herself, the central success story is her own, from the moment she arrives in New York, signs her contract, and is sent forth as a missionary for her own book. The Shireen Delaney of the novel is obsessed with the fear of loneliness; there must always be a man at her side who loves her. Before her husband, Ed, has been sent overseas she has a love affair with Ed's friend, Johnny Keegan, an aviator whose voice is "husky and soft with laughter running through it." Her next lover is Mike Callaghan, another friend of Ed's, who is the first man to comfort her in her lonely luxurious hotel suite in New York. The third is Jack MacDowell, a middle-aged businessman, whom she dismisses because he will not abandon his wife and children. The fourth is Lt. Paul Worth, son of a millionaire publisher, whom she loves with the same warm-hearted devotion she has given to the others. The fifth is Dallas Cavanaugh, a foreign correspondent. Then her hus-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FRENCH NOVELIST (1844-1924)

Briefly described below are thirteen literary characters. After identifying them, print their names in the spaces just above the descriptions. The initial letters will spell the name of a famous French novelist. Allowing thirty-five points for the name of the novelist and 5 points for each character identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 56.

1. _____
A noted liar.
2. _____ _____
Second wife of Godfrey Cass, in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
3. _____ _____
He plays Watson to Nero Wolfe.
4. _____
She just growed.
5. _____ _____
Star football player at good old Siwash.
6. _____
He eloped with a Jewish girl and her father's money.
7. _____
She crossed the Ohio River by hop-scotching ice floes.
8. _____
The barber of Seville.
9. _____ _____
Twenty love-sick maidens trailed this poet wherever he went.
10. _____
One of the three musketeers.
11. _____
In punishment, the gods killed her seven sons and seven daughters.
12. _____
This gypsy girl worked in a cigarette factory.
13. _____ _____
He was crippled for life in a sledding accident.

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band, Ed, returns as much in love with her as ever, to find that without becoming a common drunk he cannot live with this exquisitely gowned Cinderella in her elaborate and over-decorated apartment. In the meantime Johnny with the husky voice has reappeared in her bedroom.

At the end she rids herself of all these temporarily necessary encumbrances and discovers that hard-boiled Georgia, her literary agent, and the one friend she has made in more than four coldly glamorous years, was right when she warned her that old husbands never carry over into a new life. Men, she knows at last, have never been anything but trouble to her. And yet Georgia has promised to introduce her to a divorced writer, "a terrific guy," that afternoon. "Well, I might as well go, I suppose," says Shireen. "Otherwise I'll just sit at home and mope. Or cut my throat." "God forbid!" Georgia exclaims. The final line of "Star Money," on the 442nd page, reads, "They glanced at each other, and then all at once they both began to laugh."

Shireen Delaney is in many ways the counterpart of Amber St. Clair, though she lacks all of the brutal charm of that Restoration vixen and has none of her ability to love passionately only one man. Shireen spends a good deal of time philosophizing over life and sex and at times she is highly quotable. For a naive young woman she has a fine command of rough language: "Men are really so simple. If you make a guy think he's terrific in the hay, he'll eat out of your hand. The poor bastards have awful doubts about themselves." Here is her conception of literature: "And what's all this hooey about writing, anyway? What makes it a sacred art? Because once upon a time it was part of the mumbo-jumbo the high priests kept to themselves. . . . It's a tool for anyone to use to get what he wants out of life." Her final definition of love is friendship with sex. Forgetting her own lawless use of sex as a weapon, she can say: "Men have absolutely no sexual discrimination. They are all like savages who will lay any female that happens to cross their path going through the forest."

Shireen's unfortunate, discarded husband sums up the woman who could finally laugh at all the men whose love had satisfied her ego. "You don't need a husband any more," he said. "There is not a single thing I can do for you you can't do better yourself." The reader may not find anything laughable or even quite credible in this fictional woman, except that she wrote a book that sold a million copies.

—*Paul Cordes.*

Charles Jackson—a "need to express his credo."

—*Physfe.*

Kathleen Winsor—"What's all this hooey about writing?"

—*Arni.*

Harry Sylvester—"a deep worry, a generous obsession."

Anxiety in Peru

A GOLDEN GIRL. By Harry Sylvester. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 255 pp. $3.

By Gouverneur Paulding

BY ONE detail in this excellent novel one can measure Harry Sylvester's skill: he takes his enigmatic and promiscuous heroine, together with the rest of his American characters, to a bull-fight in Lima, Peru—and the occasion does not provoke a treatise on bull-fighting. Dramatic, swiftly narrated, technically precise, the action in the ring is held subordinate to that of the story. Throughout "A Golden Girl" the exotic Peruvian decor ceases to be exotic, the picturesque disappears—since no landscape in the world is alien where credible human beings walk and suffer. The Lima streets, the port at Callao, the mine high up in the Andes from which the narrator sends cadmium back to the United States for atomic research—he is unhappy about it—are scenes foreign enough, interesting enough in themselves, and vividly described, yet they are never allowed to distract the reader from the novel's central drama.

Everyone knows by now that American girls are bad for Spanish bull-fighters. Terry was a magnificent example of the kind of American girl whom foreigners cannot understand. Fermín Ortiz never had a chance. But the Americans in Lima upon whom Terry descended did not understand her much better although indefatigably observant and most ingenious in comment. Seemingly ever, and in fact frequently available to man's desire, Terry was erratic and followed no sure standards. Shaw, the Foreign Service officer, Murdock, the mine-owner and narrator, although permitted to satisfy their physical curiosity, remain faced with the unsolved mystery of her character. Conway, Irish-American salesman out of Yale, more than the others needed to understand her and through her himself. It is with his efforts to reach emotional maturity and his failure that the author is most deeply concerned. Conway is a Catholic.

Worried about his manhood in its relation to sex, terribly self-conscious, Conway sometimes talks as if he had to make up his mind whether or not to join that teen-age "No Virgin Club" which Texas authorities currently are investigating; meeting Terry suggests a possible escape from anxiety. But here is no exit.

In "A Golden Girl," as in his previous novels, Harry Sylvester is intensely worried about American Cath-

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olics. He is an able novelist and he writes stories that are good enough to stand on their own feet as stories. But then he starts worrying about Irish-Americans and their Catholicism. That is why his novels are more than just good stories. They express a deep worry, a generous obsession; they are important. The priest in Graham Greene's "The Heart of the Matter" said that he was sorry for anyone who got mixed up with Catholics. Harry Sylvester is always sorry for the Catholics who get mixed up in his stories. Mr. Sylvester has every right to worry about what he wants and every right to persuade American Catholics that they should do some worrying about their undeniable Jansenism. Occasionally the reader regrets that Harry Sylvester is not aware of the fact that there are lots of Catholics who, even if they are Americans, are not perhaps quite so desperately unable to fall in love, get married, and live quite happily unobsessed with sex. However, one cannot do everything at the same time. Harry Sylvester is an artist with a temperament and a sure future. "A Golden Girl" is concise, worried, and the best story he has written.

Sonnet for Spring

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

ASCRIBE no special virtue now to me
Who walks from winter lightly into spring,
Who writes a sonnet under April's tree
As flowers rise, as birds return to sing,
But if I find in spring some new reply,
Some answer to the heart that cannot speak,
Discovering the reason for the day
That startles breath, that gilds the hollow cheek,

Then let my crown be new leaves fresh as light,
Let my proud scepter be a willow-wand,
And may my kingdom lie beyond the gate
That soundless swings to hope before the hand,
And may my music be the furrow-mark
Where the slow plow welcomes the seed to dark.

In Love with a Light Brown Galahad

UNDER THE SKIN. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 311 pp. $3.

By Elizabeth Janeway

IT IS too bad, but we might as well face it. In this new book Phyllis Bottome has bitten off more than she can chew.

The beginning is so promising, too! Here is Lucy Armstrong coming out of the tragedy and effort of the war to a new life and a new responsibility on a tropical island somewhere in the Caribbean. There is a young man on the boat who is not "right" for Lucy, but this is promising, too; we are concerned to know how he is not right. A curious mix-up occurs over her meeting, there are overtones of hostility, even of menace. Lucy, we discover, is to be introduced to a girls' school—she is, in fact, to be headmistress—and remembering Miss Bottome's skill with other stories of interrelations within an institution, remembering how well her technique is adapted to the closed-world problem of six or eight people bounded by a common work, we look forward to the story.

And then it all goes to pieces. The problem of race relations invades the book, as it must certainly seep into every corner of life on the island Miss Bottome is talking about. But the book is not prepared to stand the strain of such an issue. Lucy, it seems, is not merely to meet and conquer the acute personal problems of living at close quarters with some odd and interesting folk. She is to become a heroine with one of the West's great decisions before her, a heroine moreover at the moment of her choice: shall she remain a white woman (even a sympathetic and friendly one) or shall she become a human being?

There is no denying that Miss Bottome has hit on a major theme for her book. But she has contrived no character who can carry it convincingly. Lucy's choice must be made between the young man on the boat, the son of a wealthy planter, and a mulatto doctor who is kind, brave, loyal, intelligent, skilful, and, besides, as beautiful as a golden god—a sort of twentieth-century Galahad, in fact, except that he is permitted free expression of his sexual life because the twentieth century knows that that is healthy. At the school are the doctor's ex-paramour, a sinister creature named Elvira, and his current love, a frail, beautiful Chinese Communist lady named Whiteleaf Ho Sung. (Her presence is at once pertinent and unexplained.) Elvira attacks; Whiteleaf defends Lucy. Lucy suffers a murderous push from the balcony; Whiteleaf nurses her back to health, under Philip's (the doctor's) care. Lucy falls in love with Philip. Philip falls in love with Lucy. No one knows it but Whiteleaf, who goes back to China. There is a hurricane. Lucy is brave; Philip is incredibly brave; Elvira is a stinker. The plot turns around and anxiously ties its tail up in a knot, so as not to finish off too quickly. Philip rejects Lucy for going to a dance with the whites. The young girl who tried to murder Lucy at Elvira's behest jumps over a cliff. Lucy goes after her. Philip arrives to attempt to save her. Too late; she is dead; but Lucy has made her choice and will stick to it, to Philip and the island and the dark oppressed peoples who must struggle forward to the light.

Here in a nutshell is what is wrong with Miss Bottome's book. Lucy has made a choice of great moment and of rare nobility. And it is quite impossible to believe in Lucy or her choice. It is easy, so easy nowadays, to find conviction in the characterization of degrees and manners of evil! But it is hard, so hard, to discover today within a book the figure of a man or a woman who is noble—and who is alive. For nobility, if it is real, must be more than merely convincingly done. It must win not our heads but our hearts. If anybody can write a truly noble man, we shall all fall a little in love with him. Who can do it? I don't know. Miss Bottome has not.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 356

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 356 will be found in the next issue.

LG FLD CBPPNGX NX B

CBXWBHC; LG FLD CDROWX

NX CBTZGC. SGDHSG

TACREENG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 355

Faith is the antiseptic of the soul.
—Walt Whitman.

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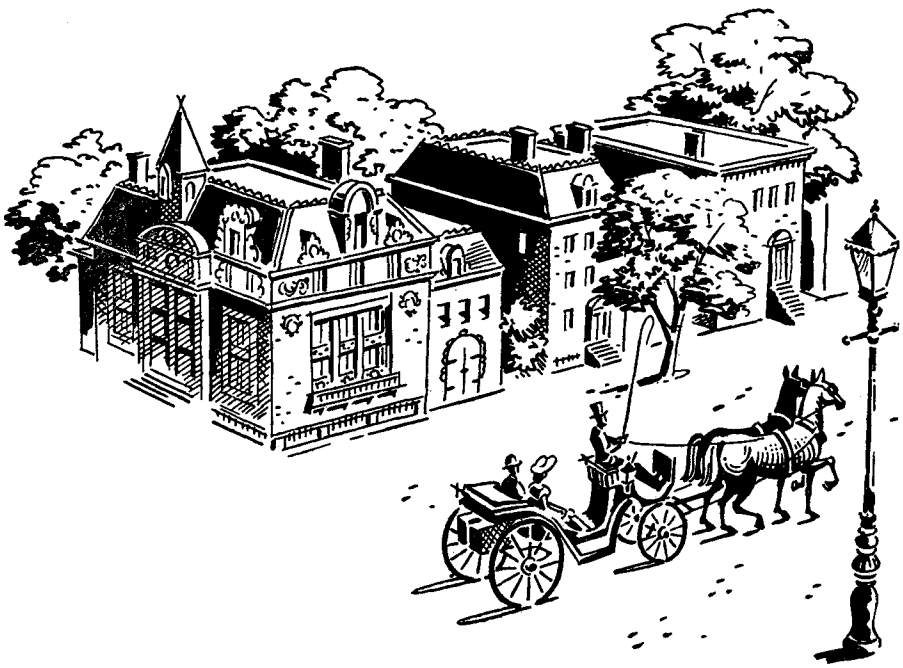

—*From the jacket of "Black Grape."*

A Woman and Her Will-O'-the-Wisp

BLACK GRAPE. By Ruth Babcock. New York: Coward-McCann. 314 *pp.* $3.

By Sara Henderson Hay

EVERY time Lily Fentriss left her husband, Dan, for another man she was sure that she hated him and that she was at last finding happiness. But the sane qualities of energy and ruthlessness and sensual earthy vitality which they both possessed and which brought them into bitter conflict drew her inevitably back to Dan. This story of a wilful, impulsive, emotionally immature woman, constantly seeking something which she only at the last dimly begins to realize she has always had, is set against the fabulous period of the Nineties, that lush, plush, glittering era with all its sentimentality and opulence and ostentation. Lily was its true daughter. She loved luxury and good food and the showy elegance of her life with Dan, and it was only when she had it that she discounted its importance to her. When she ran away from Dan to live with Derek Lattimer her romantic passion for Derek dropped in the atmosphere of a pinch-penny existence in a dull boarding house and she was heartily glad when Dan came after her. But once their relationship was re-established the old conflicts and misunderstandings arose. Lily hated what she thought was Dan's domination of her and yet, breaking away again and again, she despised what could not dominate her. She resented what she interpreted as merely pride of possession in Dan's showering her with jewels, yet sore annoyed was she without it.

Miss Babcock's portrayal of Lily's character, and of two personalities so much at war with one another because they were in essence so alike, is better in its idea than its execution. The writing is at times curiously inept and unreal; the dialogue occasionally reminds one of conversations which take place in "The Young Visitors." The description of Lily's casual departure with Derek, driven to the station in her husband's coach and pair and with the coachman on hand to carry the luggage, is extraordinarily naive in its evasion of the true significance of the situation to any of the parties involved. Granted that Lily herself was apparently quite unaware of it, the author must not appear to be!

In spite of this superficiality, however, by its excellent period background, by its narrative, and by its simple reiteration of the theme of Lily's and Dan's essential and inescapable attraction toward each other, Miss Babcock's book builds up to an interesting and provocative piece of work. I do not feel that her talent has reached its maturity; "Black Grape" is a little too helter-skelter and on the surface. And like Lily herself, it is sometimes a bit unconvincing. But it has vigor and color and the end is much better than the beginning, which is always a good thing!

Color—and Color

RED BONE WOMAN. By Carlyle Tillery. New York: The John Day Co. 314 *pp.* $3.

By Herschel Brickell

THIS interesting first novel by a Southerner is a story of a peculiar race problem worked out in terms of a relationship between a man and a woman, and told with insight, quiet humor, tenderness, and sympathy. As the account of the workings of bitter and even violent prejudice against a minority group, its overtones are sad, but its shrewd observation and understanding make it warmly human. Nor is it marred by any special pleading designed to harrow the reader's feelings.

"Red Bones" live in Southeastern Louisiana. Insisting that they are "Spanish whites," they live under the suspicion of having colored blood, although they will have nothing to do with Negroes. This means they are a group apart, barred from the schools of most communities, and forced into primitive patterns of life. A vigorous enough stock, they spend more time living than in being sorry for themselves, but not without struggling for acceptance by their communities.

Mr. Tillery's "Red Bone Woman" is twenty-year-old Tempie Hamper, eldest of a large brood. A middle-aged farmer in the neighborhood, Mr. Randall, a "regular white" gazes with longing upon the sturdy figure of Tempie because he is a widower whose children have moved away, leaving him entirely alone. Ever a companionable man, but finding "white" women unwilling to live with him on his remote farm, he turns to Tempie in his desperate loneliness.

Brought up in an environment free from inhibitions and conventions, and sure it is the lot of women to be the helpmates of men, Tempie moves in with Mr. Randall, asking no questions and expecting nothing except that she is to do her share. As a man of decent instincts, Mr. Randall takes Tempie to town to marry her at the first opportunity, although she is far more interested in the prospect of seeing her first movie than in the ceremony. Mr. Randall knows he could have stood his loneliness no longer. Always in the back of his mind, however, is the question of the origin of Red Bones and the fear that he may be living with a woman of colored blood. Finally his son, George, by his first wife, living in New Orleans, meets a Tulane professor who assures him that the Red Bones have Indian blood, which sets his mind at rest, especially since

(*Continued on page* 55)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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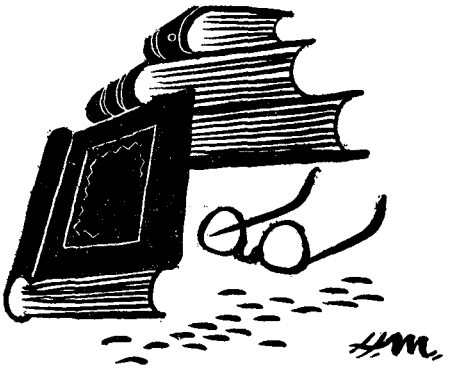
"Reader Satisfaction"

SINCE the beginning of the year the editors have been corresponding with a cross-section of *SRL* readers about their taste in books. The correspondence has been in the nature of a pilot-plant operation to determine whether it is possible to collect reliable information on what might be called "reader satisfaction"; that is, to find out what happens after books are bought. Having expressed doubts last year over the validity and usefulness of best-seller lists, we thought it might be worth while to gather raw material for a list of "best readers," as contrasted with best sellers.

It is too early to tell whether the machinery for such a survey can be set up on a sufficiently scientific basis to enable us to publish regularly a list of books that can be recommended on the strength of actual reading experience. However, one fact stands out in such bold outline on the basis of the survey so far that we need have no hesitation in writing about it. We refer to the truly phenomenal popularity of one book, "Cry, the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton. It is now clearly established that this novel, among *SRL* readers at least, is the one contemporary work of fiction most highly regarded. So great is the margin separating it from other novels that it may be in order to suggest that it offers a valuable lesson for authors and publishers anxious to know as much as possible about trends in reading tastes.

The financial success of "Forever Amber" touched off an overnight assembly-line production of contrived historical novels, their most conspicuous feature being not literary quality but the presence of lacteal apparatus, to which the full-color jackets paid ample tribute. The high esteem in which Mr. Paton's book is held may indicate, it is to be hoped, that the market for fiction in America is not limited largely to the worshippers of hyperbolic relations between the sexes and of the printed aphrodisiac. It may be unfair to say that many novels of definite merit have been spurned by publishers in recent years because of the need to find paper and to make room on their lists for the boudoir specials. Yet it is at least a matter of record that the bookstores have been forever-ambered, one way or another, right through the roof. It is a fair question to ask whether too many publishers may not be repeating, on a smaller scale, the same blunder that has disfigured and corroded other entertainment media—most notably, motion pictures. We have in mind the blunder of underestimating the intelligence and undervaluing the taste of the potential audience.

This is not to say, however, that the value for readers of such novels as "Cry, the Beloved Country" is only or primarily that of an antidote to the romantic cheapies. The survey shows that it is of equal value as a corrective for another dominant trend in recent fiction, which would include the so-called hard-boiled novel, and the cramped novel dealing at close quarters with the incredible involvements of petty and uninspired people. One reader put it in these words:



"So many novels in recent years made me feel like a peeping tom or at best like an intruder in what should have been a private conversation between Dorothy Dix and uninteresting and futile people that it is a relief to find a novel with some sense of intellectual stretch to it. Alan Paton's book has this real sweep. It isn't afraid to deal with epic scenes and epic thoughts. It succeeds in rising beyond the personal problems of neurotics who require professional psychiatric care to a level of human struggle where real issues and values are at stake."

THIS view is shared by many readers who believe that the great need in contemporary fiction is to project it onto a higher level. "Petty realism" is decried as deficient in values and dramatic appeal. Implicit or explicit in the majority of comments is the feeling that literature today is lacking in heroic mold and in sufficient recognition of those impelling ideas which are directly related to human progress and human destiny. "Cry, the Beloved Country," in its straightfor-

Boy and Serpent

By Laura Benét

(After Borrow)

IT WAS brilliant yellow gold, a wholly gorgeous thing
That the child beheld on the bank, and his memory sped
To the day he tumbled his mother's silks and there, like a string
Running across her lap was a ribbon of glistening thread.

Whatever was gliding toward him unwound like a spool.
Feeling no fear he seized it, holding its middle tight,
Stroking the venomous serpent he found it cool,
Benumbing as falling snow on an unknown path at night.

The creature threatened no harm, coiling around his wrist,
Offered no fight to its tiny assailant. But then
His brother ran up, screaming. It fiercely hissed,
Slipped from the loosened fingers, wriggled into the fen.

All his life the child remembered the gleam,
A streak of visiting sunlight, a lustrous band,
The moment it lay on his arm like a happy dream,
A marvel captured, come alive in his hand.

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ward narrative account of individuals caught up in the cataclysmic issues of South Africa today, and with a real sense of compassion for human beings, is constructed along such heroic lines. The same may be said of John Hersey's "The Wall." It is too soon to get any comprehensive reader reaction to "The Wall," but we should be surprised if readers do not find in it many of the values that have made Alan Paton's book a literary landmark of the past few years. Hersey, too, is concerned with the impact of events on man and with the challenge to create a larger design for human dignity than has been in the making until now.

Surely the instantaneous and enthusiastic general response to "The Wall" should furnish whatever additional proof is needed that "the great audience," in Whitman's immortal phrase, is ready.

—N. C.

Bookmarks

OURS is a day in which a good many authors would no more use a date in their texts—a date made up of Arabic numerals, like 1066 or 1876—than they would say ain't. The only explanation we can think of is that they are afraid the use of dates would make their productions look like formal histories or textbooks. If an event which an author is describing occurred in 1948, and it is essential to give some hint of that, the simplest way to do it is to come right out with 1948, and not to identify it as the year in which Truman was elected President. More than twenty years ago (we mean, specifically, 1929), Joseph Hergesheimer adopted an even clumsier device in "Swords and Roses." He used words: "On the twenty-first of December, Eighteen sixty-four." Aren't numerals quite nice, or something?

* * *

Although we are unqualifiedly opposed to simplified spelling, we confess to a willingness to see something done to put an end to the read-read (i.e., reed-red) confusion. And it may be only a personal psychological block that makes us come to a full stop and then proceed with caution every time we encounter "know now" or "now know."

* * *

People who in conversation drop an *r* out of "deteriorate" usually restore the deficiency by inserting it in "subsidiary." The same people generally call the thing that makes a car go faster the "exhilarator."

—J. T. W.

Even Good News Is News

▸ The momentous announcement that a filterable virus causes leukemia was made at a session of the Academy of Sciences in Athens, Greece. The cause of the disease, which has been plaguing scientists of all nations for many years, was discovered by Professor M. Petsetakis, research biochemist at the Greek Pasteur Institute, as a result of a series of experiments performed on chickens and rabbits.

▸ The member nations of the International Civil Aviation Organization have agreed in substance to a standardization of customs, immigration, and related procedures, which will speed the international movement of passengers and cargo by air.

▸ A "mosquito farm," perhaps the only one of its kind in the world, where mosquitoes of the malaria-carrying type are raised and studied under laboratory conditions, is being operated in Thailand by a malaria control team of the U. N. World Health Organization.

▸ Health Minister Paul Martin reported that Canada is spending $10,700,000—five times more than five years ago—on the health of Indians and Eskimos.

▸ Transport experts from ten European countries and the United States, meeting under the auspices of the U. N. Economic Commission for Europe, have drawn up a plan envisioning a road network of eighty-four routes, linking cities as far apart as Helsinki and Marseilles, Edinburgh and Rome. The experts believe that better roads will not only improve intra-European commerce but will also help Europeans of different countries learn to understand each other better as a result of freer flow of ideas, goods, and people from one nation to another.

▸ An American engineering firm is helping to solve the acute housing shortage in Cairo, Egypt, by constructing the first four-story apartment houses of precast concrete to be built in the world.

▸ In a move to break down discrimination on American college campuses, student delegates representing seventeen Northeastern colleges and universities, meeting at Cornell University, announced plans for a national organization to promote interracial and inter-faith activities.

▸ The U. S. Weather Bureau reported that chances of Americans getting killed by hurricanes have dropped sharply in recent years—largely because the public respects warnings. The death rate for hurricanes for the five years ended in 1930 was an average of 161 deaths for every $10,000,000 in property damage. For a four-year period ended last year it was only 0.4—less than half a person—for every $10,000,000 in property damage.

▸ A drive has been started in Denmark to present a fully equipped modern tuberculosis hospital to the people of Israel from the people of Denmark. The hospital is to accommodate some 150 patients, of which fifty will be children. The gift is meant as a demonstration of friendship and as a tribute to the eminence of Jewish physicians.

▸ A lost Vivaldi concerto in D major for two violins and string orchestra was recently discovered and presented at a Paris concert by the French Society for Forgotten Music.

▸ Since the traffic police of Copenhagen three years ago began to teach school children Safety First rules, accidents caused by and to the children have dropped 10 per cent.

▸ The tiny Arctic Ocean hamlet of Aklavik (population 325) in the Northwest Territories of Canada is going ahead with a collection in support of the Canadian U. N. Appeal for Children campaign, despite the ravages of an epidemic in the area. Volunteer workers collected the sum of $28.25 for UNICEF.

▸ Good Entertainment:

Films. "All the King's Men," "The Quiet One," "Mrs. Mike."

Radio. "United Nations Documentary"—Mutual, "Author Meets the Critics"—American.

TV. "Today with Mrs. Roosevelt"—National, "Television Playhouse"—National.

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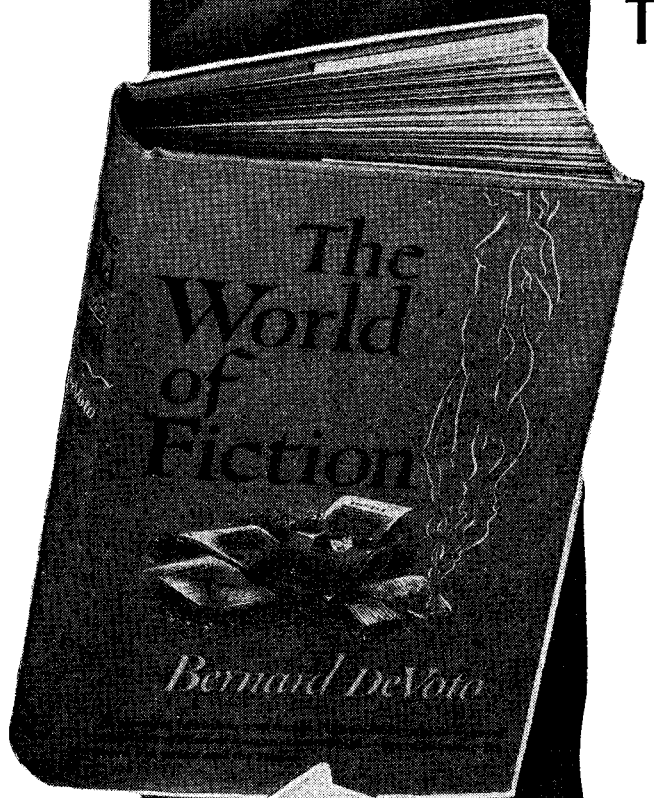

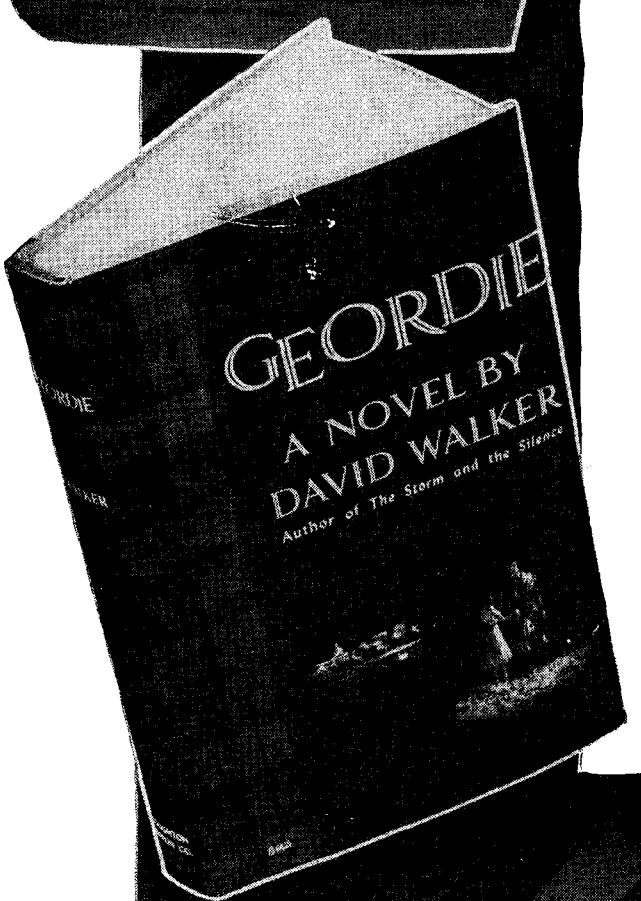

The World of Fiction

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

The world of fiction is not the world of books — and not a world of dreams or nightmares that never quite come true in the sometimes more comfortable world of fact. The world of fiction is a world belonging neither to reader nor to writer but where both may meet; a world in which imagined life becomes for both actual experience; a world from which each party will withdraw changed by what has not happened. It is the art of gaining entrance to this world and the art of gaining most from it, that is the subject of THE WORLD OF FICTION. It is a book that necessarily leads to myriad others, back to a revaluation of old favorites, forward to the new writers.

Among the new, consider David Walker whose first novel, THE STORM AND THE SILENCE, was published last Fall. It was a man-hunt book by means of which this young writer wrenched the reader's heart with the professional exactness of a veteran of a thousand literary operations. Now David Walker's second book, GEORDIE, is a novel to be read on the first day of Spring, whatever the date. There's not a murder in it and the man-hunt is carried out by a very competent blonde, but the pen that touches your nerve centers is just as exact as before. An excellent chance for the reader of THE WORLD OF FICTION to exercise his newly informed understanding of the workings of imagination upon his heart and soul.

Geordie

BY DAVID WALKER

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Published April 24th

The Grand Alliance

BY WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

Winston Churchill now turns to the story of the year that brought America, Great Britain and Russia together in a Grand Alliance to break the power of Hitler. The lightning war had set all of Europe ablaze, burning deep into Russian territory, licking at the edges of Africa and Asia, flaring in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, consuming Crete and Greece. And in its glare Churchill built the structure of diplomacy with his "haughty ally", Stalin; fitted together the material elements of Lend-Lease, encouraging and guiding with a skilled patience the inevitable approach of America to the threshold of war.

One of the greatest statesmen of all history, he took full measure of the hour that brought the impact of Pearl Harbor. The pattern of victory at last took firm and final shape for him. Here were joined the sources of power for ultimate victory, the Grand Alliance that was to become the United Nations.

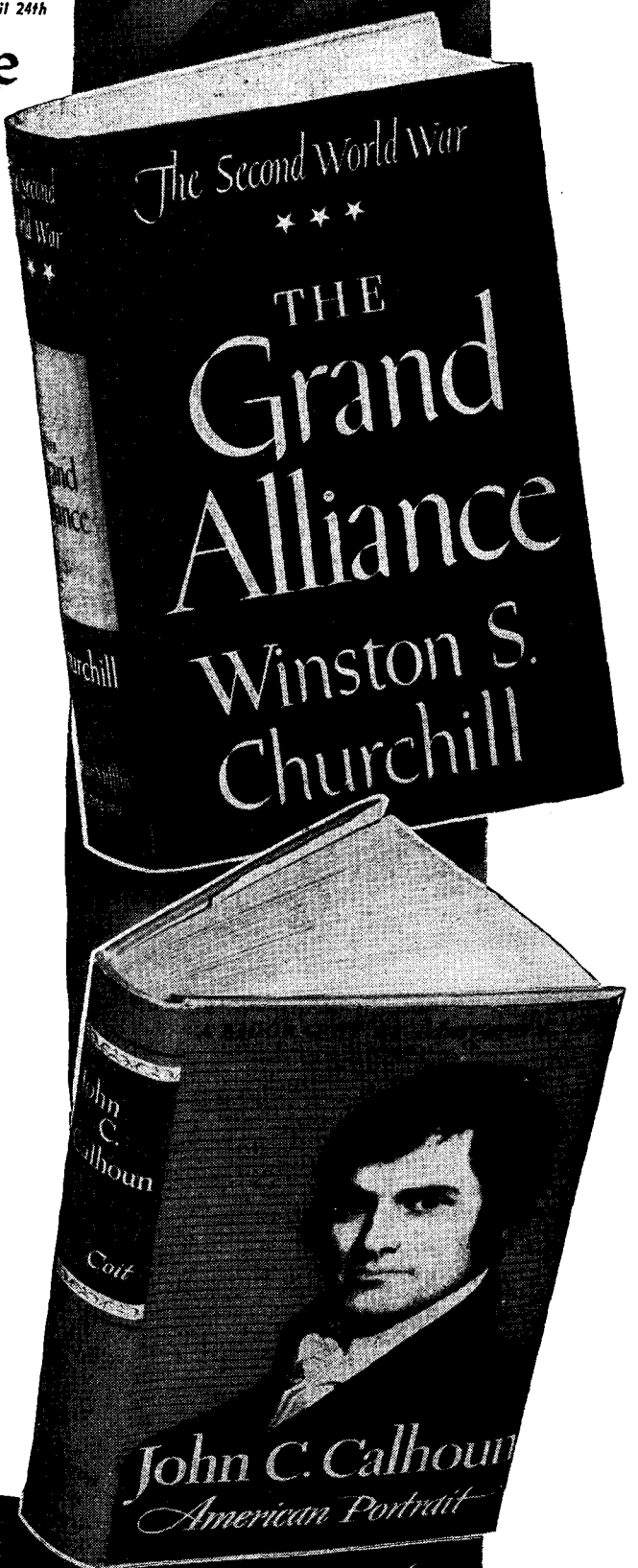
A cause can grow dusty in history books, and the man who thought and spoke with a blazing intensity shrinks into a little steel engraving quickly recognized and too little considered. Thus courage and devotion are forgotten until someone with the gift of words and the dedicated passion of his model writes a book that brings another age alive and startles the reader into a new appraisal. Such a book is this. Claude Bowers, in a review in the New York Times, calls it "A work of art steeped in charm, an important contribution to history . . ."

John C. Calhoun

AMERICAN PORTRAIT

BY MARGARET L. COIT

National best-seller



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Free Ride"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The three-part editorial "The Free Ride" (SRL Jan. 21, 28, Feb. 4) and the subsequent exchange between Eric Johnston and Norman Cousins (SRL Mar. 4) stimulated much more correspondence than SRL has been able to print. We should like to take this opportunity to thank all those who troubled to express their opinions on this important subject.*

SIR: I am eleven years old, and I see a movie every week, but I have never seen very many that show how ordinary people really live. My family and friends are not rich but we are not poor either. I have never seen anyone anywhere live like the movies show.

I think that you are right. People in other countries must have a very peculiar idea of Americans and how they live.

CORAGENE BEARD.

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

SIR: The problem of the American movies which are being shown about the world is quite real to us who teach the Japanese. How many times a week do we hear, "Well, in the moobie — — —." Here in Japan, where every individual's life is influenced by the actions of the American Occupation Forces and where the word "democracy" is studied seriously by some, and taken so lightly by others that they consider nylons, lipstick, permanents, big cars, etc., as manifestations of democracy; yes, here the theatres which show American "moobies" have become classrooms of democracy. I shudder at the thought.

Sharing your feeling of wanting to stand up in the movie and explain to the Japanese that home life in America is not as portrayed in the picture, I eased the frustration somewhat by making this topic the theme of a discussion meeting of some eighty university students and young working people yesterday. After I had explained that American movies are made for the entertainment of Americans and not for the education of peoples of other countries so far as American life is concerned, this group of young people promised to view their next American movies as a form of entertainment and not a method of study.

At a time when real understanding is essential, America cannot afford to sell herself short by leaving so many inquiring people at the mercy of Hollywood producers. Couldn't stricter censorship over movies for export be maintained? Perhaps an announcement on the screen before the movie explaining it as entertainment and not a class in democracy might help.

ALMA WYATT.

Tokyo Foreign Missionaries,
APO 500,
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I visited Britain in 1948 and learned very quickly that our friends across the Atlantic have formed gross, and sometimes ludicrous, misconceptions of America and all things American. I was amused but disturbed when a middle-aged Londoner asked me, in all seriousness, "How do you Americans get on without sleep?" "Without sleep?" I echoed. "Why, we sleep as much as you do." "Well," said he, "in the films one person is always saying to another, 'Oh, we can't go to bed yet; it's only two o'clock.'"

Eric Johnston confesses to an "everlasting hope" that films will give "the shimmering spectral pattern that is America," but conversations from Penzance to Loch Lomond convinced me that the pattern is usually invisible for the shimmer and the specter!

ELVA MCALLASTER.

Seattle, Wash.

SIR: Mr. Cousins indicts the movie industry of irresponsibility in the world crisis. As in all debates of this type the question of the responsibility of the American movie-going public, which is equally great, is overlooked. Movies are made to obtain a profit and are aimed primarily at American audiences. If they are in bad taste, it is (to say the least) because the public pays to see them and thereby encourages the industry to believe it is meeting a public demand. The solution is for the American movie-going public to demand pictures of a quality which it would be proud to have shown before European audiences. This would be beneficial to us all.

CANFIELD HIMES.

Frederick, Md.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"To tell the truth, Mr. Franklin, we merchants would like a little less about thrift and more about spending."

Addenda from Brickell

SIR: I tried to cover the writers' conference situation in my article "Workouts for Writers" [*SRL* April 1], but my batting average was somewhat less than 1,000. In fact, I suspect you will be getting indignant letters from overlooked directors for some time to come, and I shall bow my head in shame every time you do, hoping to do better next year.

Here is some more of the information that should have been included:

UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Storrs, a new conference under the direction of Robert Wooster Stallman. The 1950 dates are June 27-July 1. Expenses: Tuition, contributors $20, auditors $15. Living accommodations, room for five nights, $7.50, meals averaging $2 a day. The conference will cover prose fiction, poetry, and juvenile writing. The staff includes Peter Viereck, Malcolm Cowley, Wallace Fowlie, Francis Fergusson, Phyllis Whitney, Eunice Blake, and Edith Meyer.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME WRITERS' CONFERENCE, South Bend, Indiana, Thomas E. Cassidy, director. This conference is in its second year, the current dates being June 26 to July 1. Expenses: Tuition, any single workshop $10, all three workshops $25. (The three will be in the novel, short fiction, and poetry.) Room in a university hall $10, board available on the campus. Staff members include Caroline Gordon, J. F. Powers, Richard Sullivan, John Frederick Nims, John T. Frederick, and the Rev. Leo L. Ward.

Gorham Munson, director of the University of Kansas City Conference, asks me to say that Vincent McHugh will lead the classes in novel writing.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

Ridgefield, Conn.

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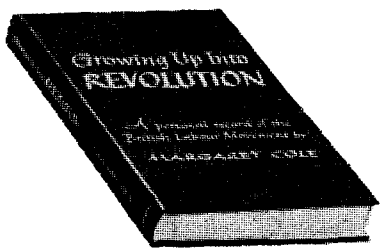

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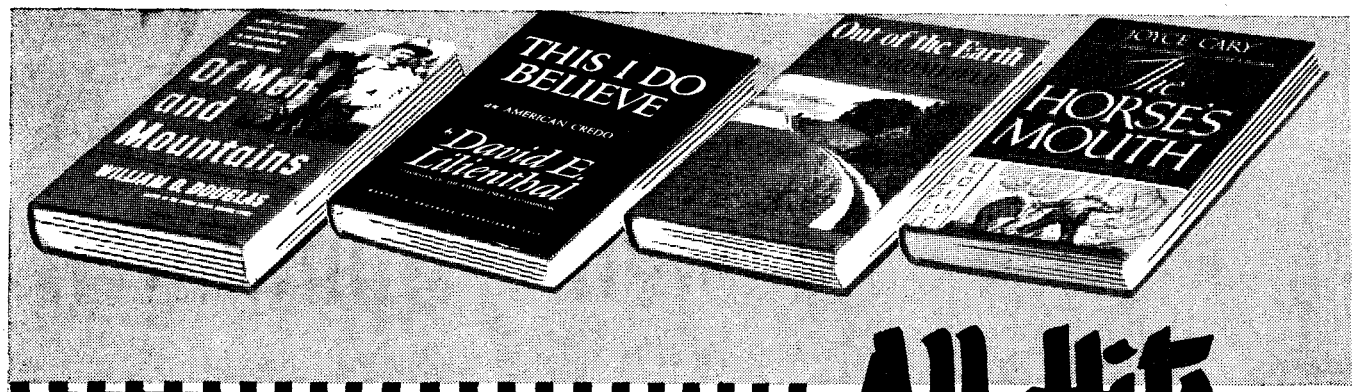

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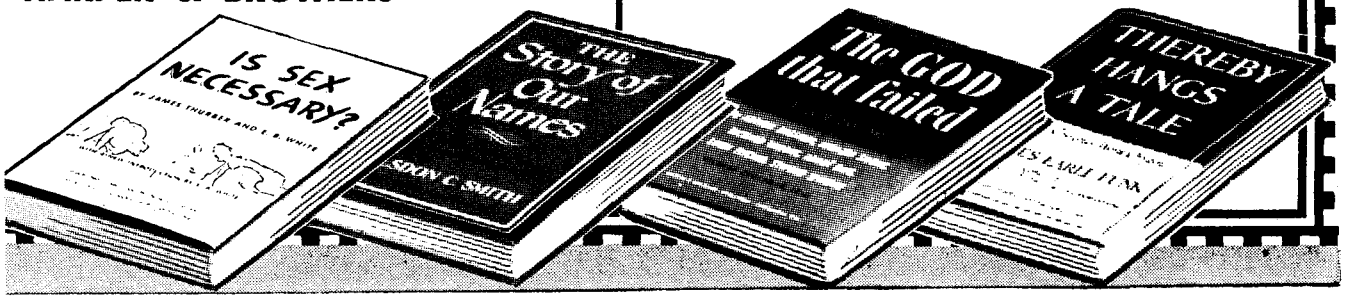

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Seeing Things

LOUISIANA CHEKHOV

"ALL BLAME for the existence of 'The Wisteria Trees,'"* explained Joshua Logan in *The Times* on the Sunday before the New York opening, "I lay at the feet of Miss Helen Hayes. One day two years ago she said to me, 'I'd like to do "The Cherry Orchard."' I had always thought that Chekhov's play is as much the story of Louisiana's plantation life as it was that of the great Russian estates.

"We agreed that I was to try to transpose the Russian play to my home state. Parallels were obvious. In both countries slavery had been abolished at about the same time. The decline of power in the landed gentry of both countries took place during the same years. The agonies of change are universal, we felt. That's how Helen got me into trouble, but how she got me out of trouble is another story."

It is easy enough to understand why "The Cherry Orchard" in American dress beckoned both Miss Hayes and Mr. Logan. Miss Hayes would not be the fine actress she is were Madame Ranevsky a part which held no fascination for her. Certainly, Chekhov's drama is one of the few unchallengeable masterpieces of the modern theatre. The tragedy of change and decay to which it gives so magical a statement is a tragedy timeless in its truth and universal in its application, however Slavic in its setting. Moreover, most of us had long been persuaded (at least we had until we saw "The Wisteria Trees") that the Russian landowners in "The Cherry Orchard" were close enough in mood and spirit to be interchangeable with the fading aristocracy of our own South at the century's turn.

The parallels seemed to run even deeper than those suggested by Mr. Logan. Southerners of a certain kind and class possessed their unmistakable Chekhovian characteristics. Many suffered from the same sadness. They were subject to the same sense of frustration and futility. They were the victims of the same poverty in the midst of proud reminders of gentility. They, too, were aware of being helpless and condemned. Theirs was an identical willingness to live nostalgically in the past without doing anything about the present. They were symbols and expressions of an old order passing and a new one taking over.

No one had stated these parallels more eloquently than the late John Anderson when, as long ago as 1930, he had contributed an article to *Theatre Magazine* called "Look Away, Dixieland." I know that I was one who agreed with Mr. Anderson when he said the analogy is so close "that such plays as 'The Cherry Orchard' and 'The Sea Gull' could be transplanted with few changes to the remote country houses of Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, or Mississippi and leave the essentials intact." The exserfs, he had indicated, would turn color. Old Firs would become "a woolly-headed Uncle Tom." Yet the trueness of the characters would remain undimmed. "Nations apart," he concluded, "these gentle people touch hands."

These resemblances, as I have hinted, had struck some of us as being beyond challenge until Miss Hayes and Mr. Logan, sharing this belief, sought to give "The Cherry Orchard" a Louisiana background. However, there was a factor—the vital one as we have been taught by "The Wisteria Trees"—which had been lost sight of by those of us who believed the South to be completely Chekhovian. This was an elusive feature. Even now, it is hard to capture and make tangible.

Undeniable as are the similarities between Chekhov's Czarist Russia in its twilight years and the late postbellum days of the South, these prove to be more superficial than I, at least, had suspected. What some of us had overlooked is a question involving inner intensity. It has to do with race, a subject which foolishly (though out of a wise respect for dangerous generalities) is now held to be all but unmentionable. That Chekhov's estate owners and their contemporary Southerners, who were also doomed to lose their plantations, were equals in inertia, no one can deny. Nonetheless, as a comparison of "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Wisteria Trees" demonstrates, the two peoples were inert in very different ways.

ALTHOUGH Southerners were then, as they are now, capable of strong emotions, they did not share the Russians' passion for introspection. If they fed their minds on memories and dreams, they were, I suspect, Anglo-Saxon enough to be reticent about Life with a capital "L." Climate may have made them languid. Cheap labor, which had once been slave, may have

—*Vandamm.*

Kent Smith, Peggy Conklin, and Helen Hayes—"a question involving inner intensity."

**THE WISTERIA TREES, a play by Joshua Logan, based upon Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard." Directed by Mr. Logan. Setting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Lucinda Ballard. Musical arrangements by Lehman Engel. Presented by Leland Hayward and Mr. Logan. With a cast including Helen Hayes, Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, G. Albert Smith, Maurice Ellis, Alonzo Bosan, Bethel Leslie, Georgia Burke, Ossie Davis, Douglas Watson, etc. At the Martin Beck Theatre, New York City. Opened March 29, 1950.*

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made them indolent. Living on the bitter diet of defeat may have left them maladjusted and contributed to their melancholy. But, unless present-day Southerners are a totally different breed, which I doubt, and unless my memories of the older generation mislead me, the South's men and women who correspond to Madame Ranevsky and her intimates did not plunge into metaphysical depths. Wisely, gaily, or ruefully, they prattled on about the surface of subjects. They were happier when discussing people, clothes, food, or events than abstract ideas. Theirs was a fierce family or sectional pride. It was the conditions of their life, past or present, which interested them more than the exploration of their psyches. Their troubles were many, but the "soul" in the Russian sense was not one of them.

Chekhov's people were different. Passive as their outward lethargy may have been, their inward activity was unceasing. A critic such as Matthew Josephson may, in current fashion, dismiss "the mysterious Slavic soul" as a form of *blague*, but to Chekhov's characters this same "soul" was a matter of constant concern. Their preoccupation with it supplies a special energy to the most becalmed of Chekhov's speeches.

His plays substitute interior action for outward happenings. Although his people may be trivial, life in its largest sense speaks through them. Gay as they can be, and gay as they must be to preserve the comedic richness of Chekhov's sorrowful scripts, at heart (more accurately, in those "Slavic souls" of theirs) his characters are sad. In oversimplified terms, the intensity which distinguishes their sadness from that of their Southern counterparts can perhaps be suggested by comparing the sheer sorrow of "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" (which is accepted as being Southern) with the fateful, almost electric melancholy of "The Volga Boat Song."

The vibrancy which underlies the seeming languor of Chekhov's Russians is missing in "The Wisteria Trees." Mr. Logan cannot be blamed for this. His Southerners, as I have come to realize, would be Russians if they possessed it. Yet the lack of it is sorely felt. All the fine talents involved in the production cannot compensate for its absence.

Before the curtain has gone up the evening presents another difficulty. The program describes "The Wisteria Trees" as "a new American play written and directed by Joshua Logan." Then, a few lines down in parentheses it adds, "The play is based on Anton Chekhov's 'The Cherry Orchard.'" The problem immediately arises how a script can be at once new and old, original and derived, foreign and do-

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mestic, transplanted and native, borrowed and created.

Obviously, the only persons equipped to accept "The Wisteria Trees" as a new play are those who have never seen or read "The Cherry Orchard." But, as Mr. Logan has himself confessed, such playgoers are harder to come by than one might think. For those who have read or seen it and who cherish the faintest recollections of "The Cherry Orchard," "The Wisteria Trees" is bound to suffer from a cruel disadvantage. Palpably it is "The Cherry Orchard," yet just as palpably it is not. It is a work haunted by a masterpiece. It not only has to live up to "The Cherry Orchard" but to live it down. In other words, it starts off its supposedly independent life as handicapped as the son of a great father.

In its major essentials the story Mr. Logan tells is the same story Chekhov told. Often his single speeches are Chekhov's speeches, even as his scenes are suggested by Chekhov's scenes and his characters are cut from the general pattern of Chekhov's originals or are adaptations of them. But the alterations forced upon Mr. Logan by a new locale and people belonging to a different race subtract from the old play's greatness without creating a satisfactory new play. Pruned of their "Slavic souls," denied their sudden eruptive outbursts of autobiography, unable of necessity to speak tangentially, and forced to address one another with American directness, Chekhov's characters lose their depth. The story itself shrinks in significance. Where once it managed to speak for a whole condemned generation, indeed to symbolize the anguish of all change, it now seems no more than the chronicle of a very silly woman who deserves to lose her plantation.

Our theatre does not boast individuals more respected and endowed than those who have collaborated on the production of "The Wisteria Trees." Jo Mielziner's single setting is a room rich in beauty and decay. Its elegance, though tarnished, is unmistakable. As a children's parlor, it is filled with poignant reminders of the days that were. Its great French windows, with their broken shutters, open on a bower of wisterias with which Mr. Logan, in a moment of inspiration, has supplied Mrs. Ransdell as a substitute for Madame Ranevsky's cherry orchard. We see these wisterias, first in full and glorious bloom, then bare and gnarled when their clutching branches seem to reach out to threaten the Ransdell home. In line, form, color, and detail Mr. Mielziner's setting succeeds, as the rest of the production fails, in stating in Southern terms the Chekhovian essence of the play itself.

Miss Hayes gives one of the best performances of her career as Mrs. Ransdell. It is a glowing performance, radiant and moving, which comes from both the heart and the head. The spell it casts is genuine. Yet, in spite of Miss Hayes's excellence, Mrs. Ransdell in her de-Russianized form is no match for Madame Ranevsky. As her impractical brother, Walter Abel not only plays with charming sensitivity and skill but manages to make his listening as telling as his talking. Kent Smith, a good actor who continues to get better and better, is admirable as the poor-white-grown-rich who purchases the plantation. Although there are many other performances of merit, I, for one, wish that Mr. Logan had not pushed some of his capable Negro actors—including Alonzo Bosan, the Firs of the occasion—so perilously close to caricature.

Mr. Logan, as goes without saying, is one of the most adept and brilliant people in our theatre. His skill and ingenuity do not desert him in his writing and directing of "The Wisteria Trees." Plainly, his is a labor of love which yields its fine single scenes here and there. Even so, it seems to me a labor that is largely lost if for no other reason than that Chekhov's Russians and our Southerners prove to

(*Continued on page 43*)

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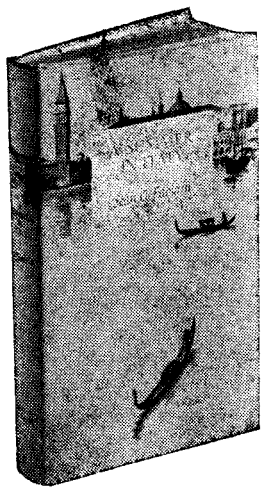

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A SUMMER IN ITALY

by Sean O'Faolain

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Holiday Magazine. April, 1950

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by Frank Hughes

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Poetry. *As sensitive recording instruments of the state of the world, poets indicate in their work the confusions of their own time. Dilys Bennett Laing—now, with her writer husband, Alexander Laing, the promoter of a fellowship (not an organization) under the name of The Responsibles—is one of the most sensitive of our present-day American poets. Mrs. Laing's new book of verse, "Walk Through Two Landscapes," is reviewed below, as is also "The Enchafèd Flood," a prose book by the poet Wystan H. Auden, now a naturalized American. Mr. Auden has gathered together lectures given at the University of Virginia that discuss the artist's continuing search for guiding vision in an unstable world. Personal experience in the late war informs the poems in "Aleutian Interval," by Courtland W. Matthews, likewise reviewed in this issue.*

One of the Responsibles

WALK THROUGH TWO LANDSCAPES. By Dilys Bennett Laing. New York: Twayne Publishers. 64 *pp.* $2.

By John Holmes

ONE NIGHT a few years ago Dilys Laing, W. T. Scott, Theodore Spencer, and I read our poems in Cambridge. Each so stirred and shook the poets to follow that we could hardly get through with it; it had the same effect on the audience. The strongest shaker and stirrer was Dilys Bennett Laing, whose third book of poems is an event and an experience. I heard her deliver "Not One Atoll" as the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Tufts—it is in this book and though topical is timeless—and the effect was the same. Her truth about the atom bomb in 1946 is truer now.

Mrs. Laing is one of the responsibles. First of all, as in the opening section, "Ego," she is responsible to herself, unflinching, mature, as she looks into self. The later poems prove her faithful to other people and their meaning to themselves and to her, and honest and exact about the outer world of nature. She adds to her moral responsibility such a richness of the language for it that one feels first the powerful impact of her poetry and only later the realization of her mind at work. Her mind and her heart and her imagery work in every one of the poems in this close-packed, vivid book. She is that poised and powerful poet who can write with a great and earnest purpose and her own delight. The delight, the reader knows, is as much in the thing itself as in the wording, the beat, and form.

The title poem records her acute awareness of another's awareness, the friend walking sees birds, namable species, but the poet sees meanings beyond. "There's an unseen perpendicular," she says in "Lines on the Sea." She is both bold and humble but most of all she is "the child who sings because he wakes." This is a poet very much awake to the world of green and to the graying world of human moral action, yet she can sing. By singing I mean not at all that loose, perfunctory way of using the word, but all the skill of metrics, vocabulary, and intensity miraculously fused that signs the true poet.

This is a careful gathering to make a living book. In the scope of half a hundred pages Dilys Laing can be profound, ironic, lyric; she can be terrifying and she can be tender; she can even afford to be brief. One appreciates that over-poem which is the composition of the book itself, that insight and control of one's thinking that see it whole and can represent it whole. A well-planned book is one of the marks of a good artist.

Dilys Bennett Laing: "There's an unseen perpendicular."

This poet is full of surprises, verbally and intellectually, which is what we always hunger for and rarely get. She turns a phrase, a pace, a title, and gives every evidence in her few pages of turning tirelessly all ways at once, like a beacon-light, on the outward and the inner life. It is rarely that we discover such a book of poems as this one, powerful, communicative, and integrated. The Twayne Library of Poetry is to be saluted for bringing us this wise and singing poet in a new offering though she has already published two books of poems, "Another England" and "Birth Is Farewell," also a novel, "The Great Year."

"To put man in mind of his humanity," the jacket says, is the importance of all the arts, and poetry most of all. Few books in recent years have lived up to this large responsibility as does Mrs. Laing's newest.

Age of Misgiving

THE ENCHAFÈD FLOOD. By W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 154 *pp.* $2.25.

By James Gray

THE TRIPTYCH of thought presented in Auden's small volume "The Enchafèd Flood" is concerned with aspects of the chronic plight of the artist. This brilliant critic-poet begins with the suggestion that toward the close of the eighteenth century the romantics turned in scornful protest away from the flat and fatuous finalities of the philosophy of "enlightenment." Surfeited with reason, they found themselves still hungry and demanded something better. That something better was vision.

Revolutionary changes of sensibility and style come slowly, as Auden points out, and the romantics dominated the literary scene for a long time—from 1770 to 1914, to accept the more or less arbitrary limits fixed in this study. There then began what Auden has called "the age of anxiety" but what his present testimony would indicate might better be called, as far as the artist's relationship to it is concerned, the age of blank misgiving.

Ready for another revolutionary change, the artist has no clear idea of what he wants it to be. He can no longer follow the romantic in his reckless plunge into the unknown in search of vision, for he knows that fine and courageous though that adventure was, it ended fatally with

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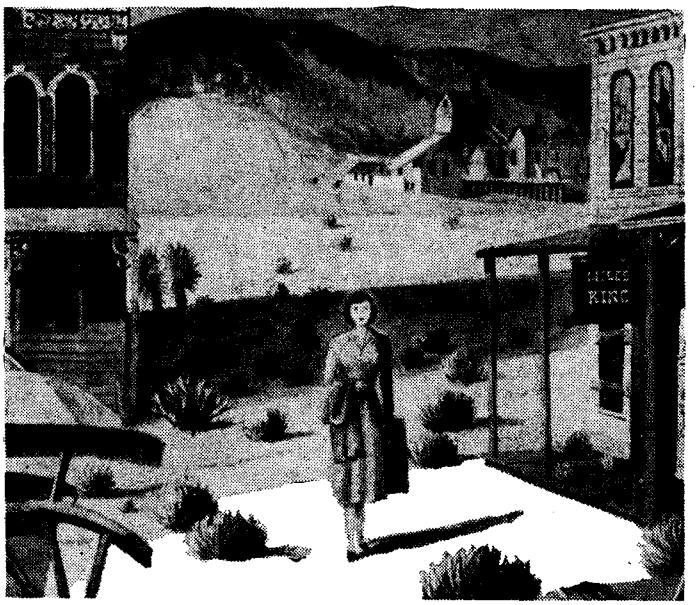
the acknowledgment, made by Rimbaud in his "Saison en Enfer," that the romantic had nourished himself on lies. The temptation of the artist today is not so much to swell with Promethean pride and snatch at mysteries but rather to subject himself to one or another of the gospels of authority. Without believing deeply or ardently that society can be saved by rebuilding its structure according to the arbitrary design of one of the blueprints with which our world is dismally familiar, artists everywhere seem "likely to become cowards in the face of the tyrant who would compel . . . [them] to lie in the service of the False City."

It is to establish this point of difference between artists in two ages that Auden has made this study of the romantic's quest. Because the theme recurred so often in the imaginative writing of the nineteenth century, it is the sea journey, in search really of the self, that Auden analyzes. Though he makes reference to several others, he takes that of Ahab in Melville's "Moby Dick" to be typical. The voyage was heroic and it was doomed. It was also totally unnecessary, for what Ahab learned by setting aside the clutter of obtrusive land interests to move into a realm where powers could be measured against powers (Ahab's own, of course, against those of the "creative libertines," the gods) was known before. That the search for vision is a mad compulsion toward fatality was the lesson learned by Ahab in the hour of his death just as it had been the lesson of Don Quixote.

These studies were presented first as lectures given at the University of Virginia under the Page-Barbour Foundation. They suggest somehow the verve and the impatience of the platform when it is occupied by a brilliant teacher. While he puts his right hand tentatively on one idea, Auden seems to reach out with his left to catch at another. This is an enormously stimulating performance to follow, one infinitely more rewarding than the precise and disciplined arrangement of ideas that have long since fallen from the tree.

But it is still not quite a satisfying way of coming at critical attitudes on the printed page. The helter-skelter rounding-up of such spirits as Wordsworth and Freud, Blake and Baudelaire makes a fine, rousing clamor in the seminar, but even when doom and blank misgiving are its themes criticism should not take quite so whimsical a way toward its goal. With 300 big pages at his disposal instead of the 150 small ones of "The Enchafèd Flood," Auden might have translated his lecture notes into a genuinely im-



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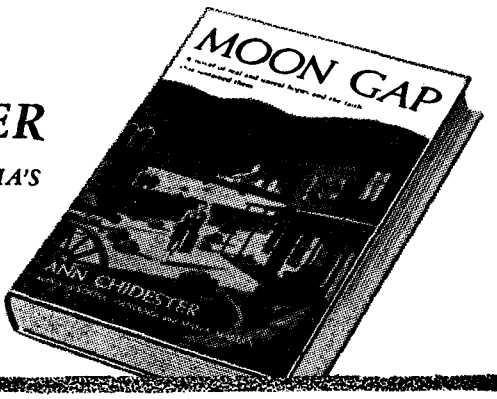
The crash means escape to Eddie and Rose; to Miles, the loss of everything but the fever that made civilization pause at Moon Gap long ago. Cassie alone realized that their "way out" would be more subtly corrosive than Moon Gap itself . . .

SINCLAIR LEWIS says: "Ann Chidester soars universes above the neat and talented young novelists who pick at their little emotions."—*Flair.*

MOON GAP

by ANN CHIDESTER

author of MAMA MARIA'S



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DOUBLEDAY

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pressive study of the artist's quest through two centuries.

As Auden has offered it to us hastily, this log of the doomed voyage touches too many catastrophes of the spirit that are left undeveloped.

Ack-Ack and Fog

ALEUTIAN INTERVAL. By Courtland W. Matthews. Seattle: Frank McCaffrey. 61 *pp.* $2.50.

By A. M. Sullivan

IF THERE are no major poems coming out of the recent war, there are some rewarding volumes of personal experience by poets who tell us with economy and crisp language what they saw and how they felt about it. Courtland W. Matthews served through the Aleutian campaign and reports the minor fears, worries, and hopes of men fighting time and the apparition of Japs under the cold fogs of the Aleutians which string out from Alaska toward the Far East. The poet reports principally from the Navy man's point of view although a great deal of his time was spent in island huts. With a careful eye, he records the natural order:

A ptarmigan, still as a bird of stone
Peers through the bending blades with curious eyes.
The fog between me and the sun is blown.
Above my head a longspur flutters by,
Trailing a gold and silver chain of tone
As if to mock the grayness of the sky.

The men talk about anything and everything to blur the passing of time, and the rumors of Jap attacks come like a welcome relief.

Our fliers fear far less the ack-ack fire
And darting fighters than the wind and fog;
The prankish wind that pounces upon planes,
Plays with them, shakes them, tosses them like leaves;
The fog whose practical joke is to hide
The airfield while the airmen are away.

There is a wide range of line lengths and rhyme schemes in the book, but there is a sameness of mood which palls at times. The book might be shortened to good effect by taking out some trivial and repetitious comments.

Publishers' Corner

TOO MANY BOOKS, TOO FEW READERS

IF YOU ask a publisher to name his biggest postwar headache the chances are he will answer: "Cost of manufacturing." The statistics of book publishing being what they are, it's difficult to make generalizations but one would be on safe ground in estimating that the average novel now costs 80 per cent more to produce than before the war. Compare this 80-per-cent increase in manufacturing cost with the small increase in retail price (averaging 25 per cent) and it is easy to explain some current gray hairs in the book trade.

One of the ways to beat this high cost of manufacture is the printing of large editions. If you can charge off the mammoth bills for typesetting and plate-making against an edition of 20,000 instead of the prewar 5,000 it's plain that the unit cost can be trimmed, for these expenses are about the same whether you print ten books or a million. As a result the last few years have seen some whopping print orders. A publisher will estimate his sales of a particular title for the next few years and then print the needed amount all at once. This brings the manufacturing cost down to a manageable level but it creates the new problem of top-heavy inventories.

For this reason, compared to other businesses publishers' inventories are way out of line. The four most profitable publishing houses audited by my company show inventories that run from 26 to 41 per cent of sales. Profitable companies engaged in merchandising similar to the book trade have only approximately 16 per cent of their sales tied up in inventories. Looking at the matter from a dollars standpoint, the four publishers show inventories that run from 222 per cent to 516 per cent of net profit before taxes, while comparable merchandising businesses seldom exceed 180 per cent. These book inventories are potentially dangerous. If business should take a swift decline the losses involved in remaindering such huge stocks would quickly wipe out the profits of the past two years.

Clearly, there should be a safer way of cheapening the cost of books than by the route of bulky, slow-moving inventories. We would have an easy solution to the problem if we could sell the large editions faster. The person who reads quickly buys more books more often. Unfortunately, American reading habits are bad. According to George Gallup, "the United States has the lowest proportion of book readers of any major democracy." In an international survey of six nations England ranked highest, with well over half her adult population reading some book at the time the survey was conducted. Norway came next, followed by Canada, Australia, and Sweden. The United States brought up the rear with only one adult in five reading a book at the time of the survey.

One way to stimulate reading is to stimulate *speed* in reading. There are reading clinics in many of our large cities and they have demonstrated amazing success in tripling an individual's reading speed. These clinics, however, are few in number and badly undermanned. It's obvious that they can help only a small fraction of our adult population to read more easily. The picture is much brighter when we consider the younger generation. Reading-clinic experts hope that we can equip prospective elementary-school teachers with the techniques for teaching children basic reading skills. This long-range program, which would revolutionize book consumption, certainly merits the collective support of the industry.

Collective action has never been one of the traits of the book trade but times are changing. For years critics of the publishing industry have directed broadsides at the lack of uniform accounting procedures. Because every house keeps its books in a different way, it has been impossible to make reliable analyses on an industry-wide scale. Now it looks as though this mess will be straightened out. Recognizing the critical importance of uniform accounting practices, a large majority of American book publishers have recently agreed to consider a compromise system, drawn up by accountants in the industry. Several publishers have already promised to adopt this uniform system. As a result we may soon know a lot more about the book business.

TRADE-BOOK publishing was materially better in February than it was in January. Our average of sales in 1950 was 102 per cent of what they were in 1949. This covers the dollar sales for a group of publishers reporting to us. Included here are only trade and juveniles sold through all channels. Educational books, reprints, and book-club rights are not taken into account. —J. K. Lasser.

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SEEING THINGS

(Continued from page 38)

have less in common than most of us had thought.

Throughout the evening I found myself thinking of the advice Stanislavski had given Mr. Logan in 1931. Mr. Logan, as he tells in his introduction to Stanislavski's "Building a Character,"* had left Princeton in the middle of his senior year to make a pilgrimage with the late Charles Leatherbee to study at the Moscow Art Theatre. The two young men were starry-eyed in their admiration for Stanislavski. Stanislavski became interested in them the minute they told him about the University Players and their plans to establish with college students a permanent repertory theatre in the United States. His face fell, however, when Mr. Leatherbee confessed their hope was to duplicate the Moscow Art Theatre in America.

"You must not duplicate the Moscow Art Theatre," said Stanislavski. "You must create something of your own. If you try to duplicate, that means that you merely follow tradition. You are not going forward."

"But your System," protested Mr. Logan, "the Stanislavski System! We have read so much about it, talked so much about it. We have traveled so many miles to study it first hand."

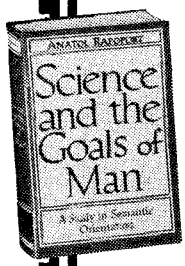
Stanislavski's answer was, "Our methods suit us because we are Russian, because we are this particular group of Russians here. We have learned by experiment, by change, by taking any concept of reality that has become worn and substituting something fresh, something always nearer and nearer the truth. You must do the same. But in your own way, not ours. . . . You are here to study, to observe, not to copy. Artists must learn to think and feel for themselves and find new forms. They must never be content with what someone else has done. You are American, you have a different economic system. You work at different times of day. You eat different food and your ears are pleased by different music. You have different rhythms in your speech and in your dancing. And if you want to create a great theatre, all these things must be taken into consideration. They must be used to create your own method, and it can be as true and as great as any method yet discovered."

Mr. Logan's productions of "South Pacific" and "Mister Roberts" prove how right Stanislavski was.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

*BUILDING A CHARACTER. By Constantin Stanislavski. Translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. Introduction by Joshua Logan. New York: Theatre Arts Books. 292 pp. $3.50.

Selected for "Saturday Review" Readers



SCIENCE AND THE GOALS OF MAN

A Study in Semantic Orientation

By ***Anatol Rapoport,*** Associate Professor of Mathematical Biology, University of Chicago. Foreword by ***S. I. Hayakawa.***

Has science usefulness in revealing ethical values or is it merely a tool? Why and how a scientific outlook can help in the prediction of wise methods of social living is here elaborated in layman's language. "...a significant addition to the growing literature of semantics."—*Stuart Chase.* $3.50

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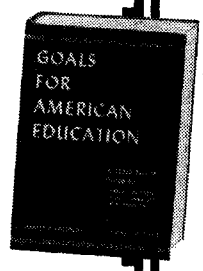

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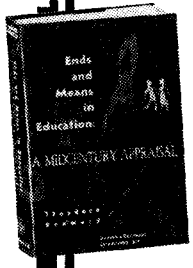

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A Midcentury Appraisal

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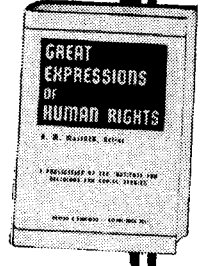

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Belles-Lettres.

What has become of the literary critic in America? Until about two decades ago each generation had a sizable group of men who worked in the tradition of Taine and Saint-Beuve, whose judgments were listened to by large numbers of their countrymen, who were active influences in their nation's cultural life. Yet today there are few critics playing this traditional role and even fewer waiting in the wings to take up the part in the future. The reasons are, of course, too numerous and complex to be explored in a boxed corner of type like this. At any rate, two of the few present-day critics of wide influence have just published books which are reviewed below: Lionel Trilling's "The Liberal Imagination" and Bernard DeVoto's "The World of Fiction." Both deserve the attention of every reader concerned with the course of our literature.

—*Sylvia Salmi.*

Lionel Trilling—"What precisely does he mean by liberal?"

Reality in Life and Literature

THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION. By Lionel Trilling. New York: The Viking Press. 303 *pp.* $3.50.

By Ben Ray Redman

MR. TRILLING'S attractive title serves as label for a collection of essays written during the past ten years that range from pure literary criticism to a consideration of the significance and shortcomings of the Kinsey Report. In the course of them he has many interesting and some debatable things to say about "reality" in life and literature; Sherwood Anderson's arrested development; the debts owed by Freud to literature and by literature to Freud; the background, themes, characters, and "moral realism" of "The Princess Casmassima"; the correct interpretation of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"; Kipling's deficiencies and involvement with the ideals of nationalism; "Huckleberry Finn"; the relevance of Tacitus to mid-twentieth-century readers; Scott Fitzgerald's literary character and stature; the New Criticism's revolt against the historical method; the relation, if any, between neurosis and artistic power; the failure of liberal ideology to produce, "for several decades, a single writer who commands our real literary admiration"; the function of the little magazine at a time when "there exists a great gulf between our educated class and the best of our literature"; the comparative failure of the American novel because of the lack of nourishment to be found in the American social field; "the question of whether or not the novel is still a living form"; the comparative lack of emotional and intellectual power in contemporary American prose literature; and the subjective deviations from objectivity in the notorious statistics regarding sexual behavior in the human male.

In his preface Mr. Trilling claims for these essays "a certain unity," derived "from an abiding interest in the ideas of what we loosely call liberalism, especially the relation of these ideas to literature." They have, of course, the unity which is due to their being products of a single mind that is well furnished with a stock of examined beliefs, ideas, and ideals; but, having read them with steady interest, and I hope with understanding, I am not sure that I know just what Mr. Trilling means by "the liberal imagination," unless he means no more than the liberal way of looking at life and letters, of which he, as a liberal in good standing, is an accredited spokesman. But even then we are left with the question: what, precisely, does he mean by liberal? And at this point the author declines to be specific.

> In its political feeling our educated class is predominantly liberal [he writes]. Attempts to define liberalism are not likely to meet with success—I mean only that our educated class has a ready if mild suspiciousness of the profit motive, a belief in progress, science, social legislation, planning, and international cooperation, perhaps especially where Russia is concerned.

So far, so good. But we are still far short of a usable definition. And if anyone says that, after all, everyone knows perfectly well what is meant by liberal and liberalism, I can only dissent, insist that there are "liberals" of many stripes and colors, with many objectives, and quote with approval Delmore Schwartz's recent reference to the "good intentions of that kind of well-meaning liberalism which cannot tell the difference between a Socialist and a Stalinist, or between a genuine defense of civil liberties and a conspiratorial exploitation of democratic rights."

Mr. Trilling, I hasten to say, suffers from no such mental confusion. Within his frames of knowledge and conviction his thinking is active, straightforward, and seldom clouded. Best of all, perhaps, he does not despise common sense as an instrument too common for an intellectual's use. He does not employ jargon. He recognizes "the dangers which lie in our most generous wishes." Following Wordsworth's lead, he does not dodge the fact that thoughts are rooted in emotions. He has no more respect for liberal than for other clichés, and he is well aware of the failings of most liberal criticism in its differing treatment of the "reality" of Dreiser and James. Nor does he, despite his insistence upon the intimate connection of literature and politics, cut himself off in doctrinaire fashion from good writing by authors with whom he is not in political agreement. It is true that he speaks of his rejection of Kipling as a "literary-political decision." But he does not reject Yeats, Proust, Joyce, Lawrence, Gide, and Eliot, although he believes them to be "indifferent to, or even hostile to, the tradition of democratic liberalism as we know it." So we are entitled to suspect that his rejection of Kipling is really a literary decision which happens to chime with his political inclination.

My respect for Mr. Trilling is so great that I can take no pleasure in hunting out his possible faults, but he exhibits, to my mind, one defect that should not be ignored—parochialism. He is parochial, I think, when he declares that "it is the plain fact that

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nowadays there are no conservative or reactionary ideas in general circulation"; that "the conservative impulse and the reactionary impulse do not, with some isolated and some ecclesiastical exceptions, express themselves in ideas but only in action or in irritable mental gestures which seek to resemble ideas." What he is really saying here is that he cannot believe in the genuineness of any political ideas save those to which he can himself subscribe. He is parochial, I think, when he says that "the idea of the nation has become doubtful and debilitated all over the world." This in a period when millions upon millions of human beings are tasting the fiery grog of nationalism for the first time! And he *is* retrospectively parochial, I am sure, when he looks back to "a time when our educated class, in its guilt and confusion, was inclined to accept in serious good faith the cultural leadership of the [Communist] Party." There never was a time when "our educated class," in any substantial meaning of the phrase, did any such thing. As often as he writes in this way Mr. Trilling speaks not for a class but for a small group within a class.

However, as I have noted, his political bias does not corrupt his literary judgments. He distinguishes between "intellectual assent in literature" and "agreement," pointing out that "we can take pleasure in literature where we do not agree . . . we can take our pleasure from an intellect's *cogency*, without making a final judgment on the correctness or adaptability of what it says." This is a distinction that some other critics would do well to understand, and one that can serve us when we are reading Mr. Trilling himself.

Lament

By Sophie Kerr

WHERE O where are the black lead pencils?
Why O why are they dirty gray?
Their color once was purest jet
But they're dull and drab today.

Is their ebony fled with the nickel fare
And the big fire-engine steed?
Has television Berled them out
Or postwar crazy speed?

I can buy pencils of green and yellow
Of blue and brown and red,
But I seek in vain for the old-time pencil
With the black black black BLACK lead.

"I feel dizzy with pleasure and excitement..."

says CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

"The dialogue is masterly—it's like really first class tennis—whang! bang! back and forth—until I feel dizzy with pleasure and excitement. And the comedy is so beautifully *dry*, utterly ungooey, and yet never stupidly unkind.

"One feels, always, the author's love for these people, and he makes the reader love them, just *because* he doesn't slobber over them. Geraldine is terrific. That last scene! I laughed to myself throughout the book, over and over."—CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

Geraldine Bradshaw

By CALDER WILLINGHAM

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES VANGUARD

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The Craft & Psychology of Storytelling

THE WORLD OF FICTION. By Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 299 pp. $3.50.

By Howard Mumford Jones

OUT of his experience as novelist, as staff member of writers' conferences, as editor of Mark Twain, and as cultural historian, Bernard DeVoto puts together "The World of Fiction." Some of the material here presented goes back to 1937. The date is unimportant, but the book inevitably suffers from having been assembled from a variety of times and places. The preface insists that the work has "a single, deliberately limited and clearly defined purpose." Yes and no. The book is really a three-in-one package. Part of the interest is in the psychology of the reader. Part is in the psychology of writing. Part is in the craft of fiction.

The craft of fiction is last discussed. Mr. DeVoto makes a number of shrewd observations on the treatment of time, of character, of point of view ("means of perception" is the phrase he prefers), of conveying information, and of dramatizing ideas in novels. He returns again and again to the central truth that a novel is a story, a work of enchantment, a stay against boredom or confusion, whether it be by Margaret Mitchell or Marcel Proust. The novelist departs at his peril from the obligation to tell a story, and when new technical devices, new social sanctions, or new critical theory drive the novelist too far from this primitive but primary necessity, fiction reaches a dead end. The modern "revulsion against story" is, on the whole, a revulsion among a small group of persons who desire experience so far refined it cannot be recognized. He writes:

> The complex and exhausting technique of "Ulysses" is employed, primarily, to make us know Leopold Bloom. At the end we do know him superbly, but no better than we know, say, Becky Sharp or Huck Finn and the accessory purposes of the novel are no better served than Thackeray and Mark Twain contrived to serve theirs. The limits of fiction have been reached by many avenues of approach.

In one minor aspect of craftsmanship Mr. DeVoto has got himself into a mild dilemma or, rather, has not made himself quite clear. The problem of the novel of ideas, he rightly sees, is a complex problem. The ideas are irrelevant unless they are "given central importance in the lives of the characters" and are (what is more difficult still) made important for the reader; and he admires Lionel Trilling's "The Middle of the Journey" because its "highest value is the ideas. It successfully solves the difficult problem." Mr. DeVoto is not condescending to the popular novelist, but he cannot refrain from quoting his own review of a Lloyd Douglas book or from intimating that the "essence of this kind of fiction is the fervor of the novelist's own belief in its axioms." But the ideas of Mr. Douglas's fiction, as ideas, are important—they are the ideas of Christianity; they are given central importance in the lives of Mr. Douglas's imaginary characters, and, obviously, they seem extraordinarily important and dramatic ideas—or axioms, if Mr. DeVoto wishes—to the multitude of Douglas enthusiasts. Mr. DeVoto's discussion of the technique of ideas in fiction is not as good as his discussion of the technique of time or of dramatization of information.

This, however, is minor. The larger early portion of his volume is an explication of novel reading and novel writing in terms of Freud. Mr. DeVoto begins with a middle-class housewife reading a novel (unfortunately, he soon loses sight of this useful symbol), and he asks why she does it. The answer is that the novel is a bridge, a channel, a kind of transparent and special mirror between the world of phantasy, which is the secret world of Mrs. Martin, and the world of fantasy, far more intricate and compulsive, which is the world of the novelist. It is the compulsive quality of this second tortuous universe that most interests Mr. DeVoto. The novelist, as he works his way downward and upward into the mass of material accumulated he scarcely knows how or why in his subconscious memory, gradually ceases to be the ordinary citizen he visibly is to the tax-collector and the policeman; he becomes more and more a *persona*, his dream world takes on shape only partially furnished by his conscious desire and,

when his book is done, he has illustrated the Freudian principle that the artist

> finds a way of returning from this world of phantasy back to reality; with his special gifts he molds his phantasies into a new kind of reality, and men concede them a justification as valuable reflections of actual life.

Mrs. Martin being sane recognizes that this fictional dream vision is but a reflection of actual life; she does not mistake it for actuality, and so she manages to go comfortably forward without confusing the two worlds. Mr. DeVoto's thesis could be validated, if further validation were necessary, by Ellen Glasgow's accounts of how some of her novels came into being.

The special virtue of Mr. DeVoto's discussion, it seems to me, lies not so much in the asseveration of a Freudian principle of art as in Mr. DeVoto's clear recognition of the precise area in which the principle works. The rich disorder of the subliminal self is not truly conveyed by mere literary anarchy or imaginative solipsism. There must eventuate a shape, an order, a plan, the Aristotelian beginning-middle-and-end, and it is in tracing the curious combination of conscious and subconscious pulls upon the writer as the novel grows that Mr. DeVoto is most interesting, just as he is wisest in indicating that imaginative confusion is not a surrogate for technique, as too many experienced or "precious" writers are inclined to assume. If, as he says, "the mass and tension of modern fiction have enabled novelists to open areas of experience, planes of consciousness, and many themes and subjects (though very few emotions) that the novel did not deal with before the twentieth century," the stubborn fact will always remain that "fiction is stories about people," stories that are going to be read (if read at all) by readers who have the privilege of being as lazy as they dare to be when they pick up the new book they have bought (or rented) from the local bookstore.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 837)

STEPHEN WISE:
CHALLENGING YEARS

The Montreux Session [of the World Jewish Congress] was a dignified and triumphant affirmation of the determination of the Jewish people to do all that one historic group can do to bring about a warless world of freedom and democracy, of justice and peace.

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Etymology

NAME INTO WORD. By Eric Partridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 644 pp. $4.50.

By Basil Davenport

DAVENPORT means also in the USA "a sort of divan or couch." For some time I have known both that fact and all the jokes that can be made about it (they are not many) and I have reminded myself that I am in the same boat with Lord Chesterfield and the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Lord Brougham, and Queen Victoria. From this delightful book I learn that *davenport* means in England "a drawered writing-desk with a hinged writing-board," that both meanings come from cabinet-makers, and that the number of eponymous, sometimes anonymous, men and women, characters and countries, who have become either parts of speech or proverbs is enough to fill 600 pages—and at that, the compiler says, he has had to make an arbitrary selection among the "metals, minerals, processes, 'laws,' instruments, and what-have-you" of the sciences. The variety and unexpectedness of these words is so great that it is really hard to illustrate. I will open at random, a perfectly honest *sors perdiciana*. On the left-hand page I find *filbert* (from St. Philbert, whose day fell in the nutting season); *finnan haddie*; fisher, slang for an English treasury note; *flamingo*, which means a Fleming; *flash*, as in "flash talk," which may come from a village of that name.

Mr. Partridge has fully lived up to his subtitle, "A Discursive Dictionary." He includes not merely nouns, adjectives, and verbs, but also proverbial expressions. *Baloney*, *baltimore oriole*, and *bant* are close together; on another page is *Agag*, with a cross-reference to *walk*. He makes great use of cross-references; in discussing Jekyll and Hyde, he reminds us that Stevenson was a master of the macabre (*q.v.*), and sends you off to the pros and cons of the derivation from Judas Maccabeus. He frequently gives ultimate as well as immediate derivations; there is something piquant in reading, not merely that *cretin* comes from *Christian*, but that *Christian* comes from the Greek *chrizein*, "to anoint," or that *a runcible spoon* was not invented by Edward Lear, but may be connected with the battle of Roncesvalles. Although in this regard Mr. Partridge is capricious; he says that both *georgette* and *jerkin* come from *George*, but not that *George* means "farmer"; that *Xanthippe* was a shrew, but not that

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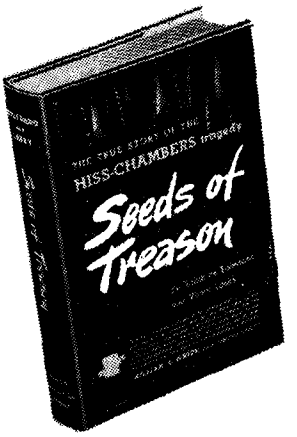

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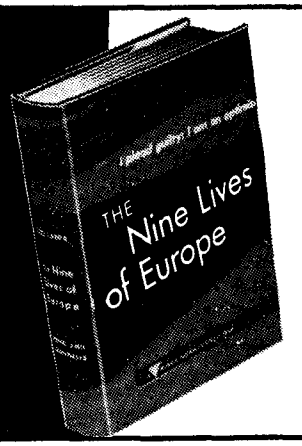

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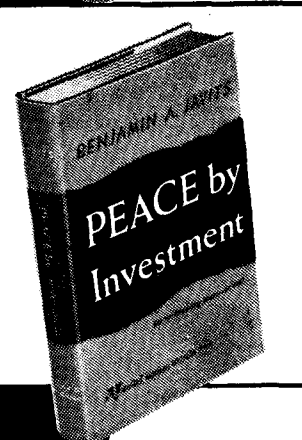

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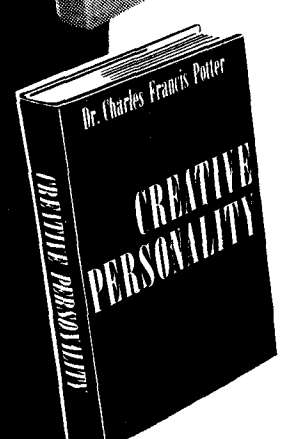

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it means "bay mare." He even includes words whose connection with proper names is merely a matter of folk-etymology (of course, telling the reader so), like *Jerusalem artichoke*, which is from *gira-sole*, "turn-sun," or *Jordan almond*, which is from *jardin*, "garden."

It is only human for a reviewer to pick up a book of this kind with the expectation, if not the actual hope, of finding omissions. It is a pleasure as well as a duty to report that this reviewer found none, if we except a few obvious bits of "unprintable" slang—and those are pretty certainly to be found in the same compiler's "Dictionary of Slang." One might, indeed, wish for more discussion of general principles in the introduction; in particular, for the basis of what seems a needless division between the book proper and a long appendix of "Border Liners and Potential Candidates," an arrangement which makes it necessary to look up many words twice over; or for the principle on which he decides when a word should no longer be capitalized (he often comments on this, but never with reasons). Apart from this, the worst that one can say is that Mr. Partridge occasionally allows a derivation that seems doubtful without marking it so, as when he remarks that *ghetto* "derives, like *gipsy* and *gitano*, from the Latin *Aegyptus*, Egypt" though the Oxford English Dictionary says only that it is probably from *borghetto*, a district of a city. In the same way his own suggested derivations are sometimes a little far-fetched; it is surely easier to derive the child's game of *conkers* from *conquerors* than from *Hong Kong*.

Then, too, it must be confessed, he occasionally has a little trouble with his Americanisms. Like most Englishmen, he prefers the spelling *cissy* and derivation from *Cicely* to *sissy* from *sister*, in which few Americans will agree with him. His note on *phoebe*, the bird (with a quotation from Rex Stout), could have been written only by someone who had never heard one. The only meaning he knows for *wiener* is a wiener schnitzel, which in turn he defines as "not a steak but a 'resurrection'" (apparently meaning hash). *Uncle Sam* himself fares particularly badly, getting only a cross-reference to *Sammy*, an American soldier in World War I (were they ever really called that?). But this is carping of a book which quotes from more American novels, especially American thrillers, than most English lexicographers will admit to having read.

It is enough to say that this is a perfect book in which to saunter (*q.v.*) or roam (*q.v.*).

Charlotte, Branwell, Emily & Anne

THE FOUR BRONTES. By Lawrence and E. M. Hanson. New York: Oxford University Press. 414 *pp.* $6.

By Harry Ransom

MANY a sharp literary device has been dulled or broken on the story of the four Brontës. Since 1847, when "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" appeared, more than a thousand writers have undertaken some aspect of the family's experiences and writings. A few, among whom May Sinclair and Phyllis Bentley are noteworthy, have achieved proportion and perspective. Still fewer have been given the kind of insight that made Fannie Ratchford's "Web of Childhood" a new point of departure in Brontë studies. Great collectors, at least one great editor, and major critical talents have joined in this field. Around the fringes for a hundred years have ranged the usual prejudices, the usual contradictions, and more than ordinary biographical lunacies.

Against this background of abundant fact and speculation the Hansons have essayed something different, a four-sided design in literary biography. Insisting upon both unity and diversity in the lives and works of Charlotte, Branwell, Emily, and Anne, the authors have kept the four stories always in touch and always distinct. For good or ill, their plan achieves that deep-focus effect sometimes used in camera characterization. Thus Branwell, a minor actor completely unheroic, is seen in vivid relation to the family drama. So, too, Anne becomes more significant not in spite of her humility and modest attainments but because of them. These impressions are not the result of exaggeration or selection or special pleading but rather the sense of clearly detailed and constantly changing relationships among personalities in motion. Indeed, the Hansons' chief accomplishment in biographical narrative is this sense of continuous motion in lives that were almost void of external action.

Following the strict design imposed upon their subject—"the effect of the Brontës on each other"—the Hansons begin by recounting, with careful attention to the studies of Ratchford and other scholars, youthful experiences and collaboration of the children. Then follows a second biographical sequence in which life-journeys spread a little in geography, spreading enormously in imagination. That the story of these years is difficult to tell handicaps the Hansons as it has handicapped other biographers. Out of the unifying process of their design, however, they bring an enlightening comment on the relation of Branwell and Emily.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Emily as sketched by Charlotte—"more than ordinary biographical lunacies."

In its third phase the biography leads to the memorable publications of 1847 and the sisters' quick-coming fame that ended so soon. Arbitrary design becomes most obvious in the sequence of three chapters which conclude this phase of the story: "Death of Branwell," "Death of Emily," "Death of Anne." According to this plan, which takes full advantage of the Brontës' *ars moriendi*, Charlotte's last six years, her later writing, her marriage, and her own death are inevitably mere "epilogue."

Within this design, the Hansons have achieved good things. The best is moderation. They have avoided the second-hand and second-rate "psychograph" which has plagued Brontë studies. They have also avoided patronizing tourist-talk about moors and the secluded parsonage and inexperienced girl writers without neglecting the importance of environment, the uses of seclusion, and emotional differences in the family. Major novels are given uneven but lively comment. In general, authority is cited clearly; reference list, notes, and index make this volume specially valuable to the student. Readers of all kinds will be grateful for simple writing, good pictures, and generous quotations. Although this book could not contain the final word on the art of the Brontës, it provides a useful and agreeable introduction to their books and their life together.

Harry Ransom is at work on a study of the first century of Brontë criticism.

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Philandering with the Sixth Sense

THE PERMANENCE OF YEATS: Selected Criticism. Edited by James Hall and Martin Steinmann. New York: The Macmillan Co. 414 pp. $5.

By RICHARD ELLMANN

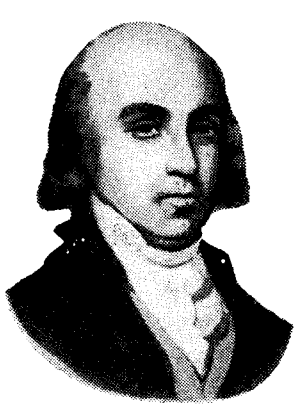
ALL except two of the essays in this book have been published before, some twice before. Having them together here is convenient, and it is instructive to reread the remarks of critics as able as Edmund Wilson, R. P. Blackmur, Cleanth Brooks, David Daiches, F. R. Leavis, T. S. Eliot, Allen Tate, Austin Warren, Joseph Warren Beach, Kenneth Burke, and others. The selection is nevertheless a little disappointing. Most of the contributors belong to the same school of criticism, so that there is a good deal of gnawing and tearing at the same poems and issues. The book's conventionally "modern" character has excluded the work of Frank O'Connor, Sean O'Faolain, and L. A. G. Strong, who have approached Yeats with more freshness than is often found here. Then, too, most of these essays were written at least eight years ago, and knowledge of Yeats's life and work has sufficiently increased since then to justify a collection of new Yeats essays such as B. Rajan is making in England.

The critical problem on which much of "The Permanence of Yeats" is focussed is Yeats's interest in the occult. While the editors finally discount this concern, they themselves raise the issue and their text is too seriously occupied with it. It would be more comfortable for everyone if the outstanding poet of his time had hobnobbed with, say, Thomas Henry Huxley instead of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. But he has not obliged us, and Mr. Blackmur and others therefore attack him for writing poetry based on magic rather than on some decent, gentlemanly creed. The answer to this charge, as John Crowe Ransom and others come near saying, is that Yeats's poetry has for a basis not occultism but comparative mythology. It is no accident that Jessie L. Weston, when writing "From Ritual to Romance," a book which was to underlie "The Waste Land," came to Yeats for guidance. In his prose he wrote, though diffidently, about the occult, and in his life he practised, though gingerly, certain "psychic" activities. But neither his prose nor his life can be fastened so inextricably to his poetry as this book frequently suggests. In his verse he adopted what his father considered to be the "Athenian mind," which meant that he used religion and myth as poetic machinery, and made their truth merely a fetching possibility. Though he philandered with the sixth, he gave official approval to only five senses.

Among the less familiar essays in this book the reader will find especially interesting Walter E. Houghton's analysis of "Words for Music Perhaps," the early drafts of poems in A. Norman Jeffares's essay, and Morton Dauwen Zabel's summary of Yeats's development. There is also a useful bibliography. But as the editors point out in a sensible introduction, much remains to be done. One indication of the need is that, in a book where no poem is discussed more often than "Byzantium," the editors refer to a character in it as a "a walking mummy." While this character makes a shadowy appearance in Yeats's prose, he does not turn up in the poem. Yeats's critics must beware of out-conjuring him.

Richard Ellmann, a member of the English Department at Harvard, is author of "Yeats, The Man and the Masks."

The third—and keystone—volume of "the most important . . . soundest biography of Madison."—ADRIENNE KOCH, cover review, *Saturday Review of Literature*



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Personal History. *The careers of young women who have kicked over convention's traces invariably fascinate their sedater sisters. Back in 1902 the eyebrows of proper people rose when pretty Emily Dunning, fresh out of medical school, insisted upon serving an internship at a hospital deep in the slums of Manhattan. Now, fifty years later, she is reporting the amusing consequences in "Bowery to Bellevue," reviewed on page 54. Another rambunctious lady is Olga Moore, who has lobbied in legislatures from Wyoming to London. She calls her lively memoir "I'll Meet You in the Lobby" (see page 52). If he is to stir up as much reader interest as ladies like these, a man must play much faster and looser with convention. One man who did is the satyric Giacamo Jacopo Casanova, subject of James Stuart Montgomery's lively, new biography reviewed below.*

World's Most Celebrated Lover

THE INCREDIBLE CASANOVA. By James Stuart Montgomery. New York: Doubleday & Co. 437 pp. $3.95.

By HARRISON SMITH

IN A FOREWORD to his lively biography of Giacamo Jacopo Casanova, of Venice and Europe, James Stuart Montgomery admits his indebtedness to Guy Endore, an American Casanovist, and to other writers who he says are so numerous that their names have escaped his memory. His principal source of information is, of course, the redoubtable amorist and adventurer himself, for without the twelve-volume autobiography by the "Seigneur de Seingalt," no biography could ever have been written and the world's most celebrated lover would have been lost in the dust of history.

Casanova knew enough to end his memoirs at the point where his fortunes suddenly declined and left him in the absurd position of a spy for the Venetian inquisitors of state. The disputes among his future biographers arose mostly from the remaining twenty-four years of his life, though from 1785 to the date of his death in 1798 he was safely ensconced in the library of the Bohemian chateau of Count Waldenstein, an old friend. There, in addition to his researches into his past, he wrote a curious variety of books, including a five-volume novel that might be labeled today as science fiction, and a "Dictionary of Cheeses," which he did not have the courage to complete.

Casanova's memoirs can be called a monument to the licentiousness and corruption of the eighteenth century or the biography of a rogue who in almost any other period would have died in jail or on the gallows. His life story is a perfect illustration of what might happen to a brilliant European in that age of reason, when there was no longer any belief among the upper classes in love except as a diversion; in finance except as a means of keeping the wheels turning a few more years; in law, statesmanship, honesty, or virtue, and, least of all, in religion. France and all the principalities and kingdoms of Europe had become a hollow shell waiting for the French Revolution and Napoleon to blow them to pieces.

But what a time it was for the Casanovas of the day, for the men who were jailed or banished from one country fled across the border and found themselves in clover once more! His innumerable love affairs often seem as stale as last night's banquet, though he brought to the feast an unquenchable appetite. It is possible that he also had the capacity for love in its purer sense, for many of his conquests remained his devoted admirers long after they were safely married or had fallen into mire. He was forced to contemplate marriage many times, though the fatal moment was always avoided by the glance of another pair of bright eyes. At the age of sixty he was in love and, of course, had an affair, with a countess young enough to be his granddaughter. "My guardian angel protected me," the old reprobate wrote. "I have loved women to madness, but have always loved liberty better. Whenever I was in danger of losing it, Fate has come to my rescue."

It is impossible to contemplate this prodigious man without wondering what he might have become if he had devoted a tenth as much time to advancement as he did to climbing from one amorous bed to another. After his hair-raising escape from prison in Venice he found himself penniless in France, and for the first and only time advanced rapidly by using his brilliant opportunism and invention. The minister of finance trusted this brilliantly dressed, glittering, and handsome young roue, appointed him a director of the National Lottery, and sent him to Holland on a vital financial mission. For a time he lived like a lord, and might have made a wealthy marriage to a beautiful girl he had seduced, but he started a factory to reproduce cheaply the exquisite silks and tapestries of Lyons and filled it with a harem of young women, on whom he preyed like an enraged Pasha. Then he started off in a luxu-

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rious coach for years of roaming Europe. He visited England and slept with titled ladies, actresses, and sluts. He rolled through Germany, Italy, and honored the aristocracy of St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Madrid. It would have been a pleasure to have been present at his meeting with the alchemist and imposter Cagliostro in Aix, for Casanova dabbled in sorcery and magic and reaped many a harvest by imposing on wealthy women and men who wanted their fortunes told. In Geneva he talked with Voltaire, who, unfortunately, left no record of their conversation. He was able to charm men as well as women; however, there is no indication that modern psychologists are right in assuming that there was a homosexual taint in his dishonest nature, though dishonest may be the wrong word for a man who was always true to the worst in him.

After the reader has come to the end of him in 1798, when the aged rake sent for a priest, announcing with his accustomed bravado, "Bear witness that I have lived as a philosopher and die as a Christian," he may look back reflectively on Mr. Montgomery's 400-odd pages and wonder exactly what harm Casanova had done to a dying world. He had, to be sure, seduced innumerable pretty young women who were bound to lose their virtue to someone. But he amused and satisfied them and, at the same time, gave them the sense that they were loved for themselves. In the world of fashion he was an exhibitionist who never failed to put on a good show. Among men of sobriety and sense he could summon a trace of philosophy, and the elderly saw in him the glamour of their lost youth. The story of Casanova as Mr. Montgomery has found him is written for entertainment and leans perhaps too heavily on the love affairs of a man afflicted with a touch of satyriasis. But this is the Casanova of his own memoirs, his own creation newly brought to life. The reader who would like to plunge deeper into the subject will look in vain here for a bibliography.

—From the book jacket.

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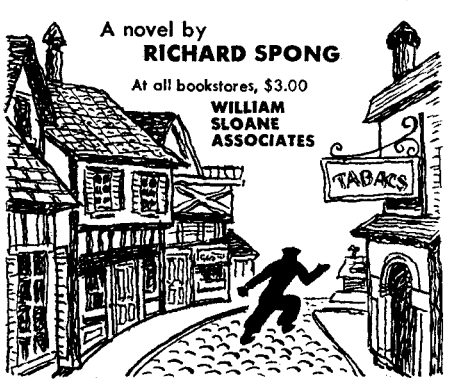

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Broken Carrousel

COMPANION IN EXILE: Notes for an Autobiography. By Ferenc Molnar. New York: Gaer Assoc. 363 *pp.* $3.50.

By Richard Watts, Jr.

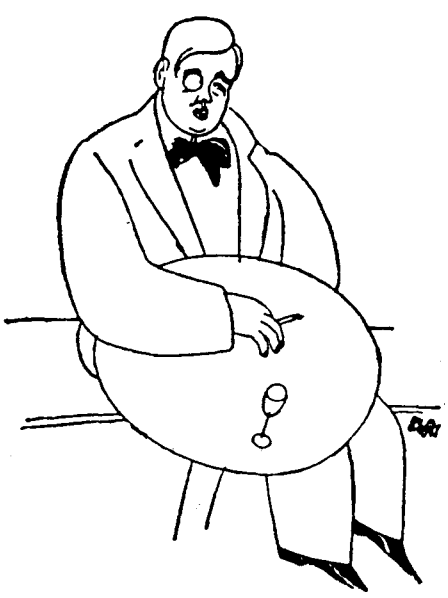
FERENC MOLNAR, the suave, the bland, the debonair, the cynical, has written, out of the pain and loneliness of his heart, an infinitely touching and pathetic tribute to the friend and companion of his lonely age. It is, whatever coldly detached observers may say of it, one of the moving documents of our tortured time. He calls it "Companion in Exile," with the explanatory subtitle, "Notes for an Autobiography," and it is a memorial to Wanda Bartha, who had accompanied him in his restless wanderings through Europe after the rise of the Nazis had driven him from his beloved Budapest and Vienna, and was with him in New York until her sudden death in a hotel room in August 1949.

There are those who will feel that "Companion in Exile" should never have been published, for its emotional frankness and its utter neglect of the Anglo-Saxon tradition of the stiff upperlip can make parts of it extremely painful reading. It is the work of an author who has the courage to be self-pitying when that is the emotion candor demands. It is the frank confession of a lost, tired, and lonely old man, and it is a cry of vast and tragic unhappiness from one who finds that life has lost all of its old-time zest. Such a candid self-portrait is not easy to gaze upon, particularly when it is painted by an unsparing artist who once seemed to epitomize all the gaiety, gusto, and debonair assurance of a great and happy cultural tradition. Yet, if the pain of reading "Companion in Exile" is considerable, the rewards of these "Notes for an Autobiography" are rich and delightful.

First, there is the sad beauty of a tender picture of the author's good companion and of what she meant to him and his sense of despairing loss. It is a picture not only moving but entirely believable in its sincerity and its appreciation. Second, there is the simple and eloquent report on a doomed generation of Central European artists, men who once seemed to represent the very spirit of urbanity, wit, mellowness, polish, and gaily romantic cynicism in dramatic literature and now appear as such dim and distant phantoms that it is difficult to realize their triumphant day was ended just two decades ago and not in some distant century. There is a sense of frank and unashamed bewilderment and loss in "Companion in Exile" that is all the more moving because it is expressed without guile or artfulness or any attempt to conceal its tears.

Chiefly, however, the book is of interest and value because of what it has to tell us about a caged giant in exile. That is certainly not its primary purpose. There can be no doubt that Molnar wrote it to assuage some part of his grief over an irreparable loss and to set down for a world that did not know her the merit of a gallant woman who had devoted her life to him. But even in such an attempted mood of selflessness, he is a man of immense force of personality as well as literary genius and, for all his efforts, Molnar is the most fascinating character of this volume about Wanda Bartha. For example, he includes in it several of the pieces he wrote as a newspaper columnist in Budapest, nd they are delightful.

In one of them, he dreams of himself as trying to sell the idea of coffee and the joys of coffee-drinking to an industrialist who has never heard of the odd substance, and it is an amazingly charming bit of writing. There is an almost Pirandello-esque interest in his story of meeting in his later years an actor who is still playing a character he had impersonated in his youth, and is for the time being actually younger than the aging Molnar. It, too, is brilliantly done. "Companion in Exile," for all its tragic melancholia, is filled with charming and revealing things. And it is amazing how touching Molnar can be when merely describing the stores and cafes on a New York street Wanda Bartha had loved. For all of his tragedy, there is still magnificence in Ferenc Molnar, and great human warmth.



Ralph Barton.

Ferenc Molnar—"without guile or artfulness or any attempt to conceal tears."

Quasi-Politicking

I'LL MEET YOU IN THE LOBBY. By Olga Moore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 250 *pp.* $3.

By Elizabeth King Phelps Stokes

OLGA MOORE, after many years of experience lobbying in Wyoming at the state legislature, in New York, Washington, and at what she deemed lobbying on the greatest scale of all, in England and Europe through the OWI, yet has not made up her mind whether the game can stand on its merits as means for political ends. She writes:

> I don't honestly know whether lobbying is a good thing or not. It is earthy, human, and social. It brings the people to their lawmakers, the governed to the governing. It is free speech. It is American. It is part of our quarrelsome, competitive, cantakerous way of doing things. But it can cause confusion, delay, demagoguery. It rewards the noisy, penalizes the quiet. It puts great power into the hands of the selfish and venal, it plays on fear and greed. The wishes of the few can defeat the needs of the many. Sometimes. And sometimes the masses win. For they have lobbies, too. And in their voting strength they have a terrible power. . . .

According to the author, the Senate in 1946 made this mouthful definition of a lobbyist: ". . . any person who shall engage himself for pay, or for any consideration, to attempt to influence legislation or to prevent legislation by Congress, or to influence any Federal bureau, agency, or any Government official or Government employee to make, modify, alter, or cancel any contract with the United States Government or any United States bureau, agency, or official, as such offical, or to influence any such bureau, agency, or official in the administration of any Government duty so as to give any benefit or advantage to any private corporation or individual." So, writes Miss Moore, "practicaly everybody is a lobbyist."

Olga Moore has written the story of her life with lobbying as its central interest beginning in the ranching country of Wyoming and progressing to vivid accounts of jobs with the *Denver Post*, with the oleomargarine lobby in Washington, and strenuous work in wartime London. Miss Moore travels a long road from life at the University of Wyoming as a student, as wife of the dean of the law school, then around the circuit and back to Washington, where she joins lobbying crusades that have few inhibitions among the great. It is all interestingly told.

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Memories of a Supreme Court Justice

OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS. By William O. Douglas. New York: Harper & Bros. 338 pp. $4.

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

IT IS always interesting to meet the man who dwells within a mantle of fame. The human being hidden behind the dignity of the law is perhaps more obscure and elusive than any other, for the proper dispensation of justice excludes the exercise of all personal emotions. That which is revealed when we are permitted to look behind the artificial character of those whose names are widely known to the public at large is often very surprising.

"Of Men and Mountains" is written by a man named William O. Douglas. This same gentleman is more widely known as Mr. Justice Douglas, of the U. S. Supreme Court, a position of the utmost prominence, which he has held for some years. If anyone may have gained the impression that the Supreme Court is packed with aloofness and austerity they should buy or borrow this book, for herein you will meet a most human soul. In fact, it is a pity the volume could not have been called "Of a Man and Mountains."

William Douglas must originally stem from Scotland, as his august and historical name implies. We learn with some surprise that he got to Yakima, Washington, and its surrounding mountains, of which he now writes so gently, via California. What is more, his father appears to have reached the latter via Nova Scotia. Now, just as this westward migration of his family epitomizes an earlier trend in our history, the author's own story of an eastward trek to fame and recognition aptly sums up a more recent theme. Here was a lad, son of a country minister, who earned his small keep from a tender age by labor in fields and packing houses, almost crippled by infantile paralysis when a child, who yet fought his way back to health and strength by simple decency, industry, and fortitude. Then we see him riding freight trains east to enter, of all things, law school. So modest is the author, however, that it is left to the reader to assume that he made the last few hundred miles in the ten days allotted him. Otherwise, how could William Douglas of Yakima now turn out to be the Douglas of the Supreme Court? The story is so typical that it is almost trite, but it is nonetheless a modern American epic.

There is, however, nothing of the "epic" about this book; in fact, one can piece the story together only from occasional anecdotal asides. This is praiseworthy in itself, but it is doubly satisfactory because it allows the author to expand at will throughout some 300 pages on his interpretation and reminiscences of an enormous variety of delightful things. The variety would be bewildering were it not for the title, which adequately sums up the whole and provides the key to everything. This is the mountains.

Mr. Douglas mentions in the introduction that he has made considerable studies of the wildlife, ecology, and soils of the region of which he writes, and that they are to be published soon. We sincerely hope so, for this popular work includes innumerable hints of his very wide knowledge of these subjects.

Besides all of which, the author somehow manages to introduce us to a number of his colorful boyhood friends in a manner that is all too rare among authors, but probably natural to a man such as he. Among these we single out Billy McGuffie, the Scots sheepherder, who now proves for all time that his race is not tight-pursed, and one Jack Nelson, who could not get a coveted job because he was not married, but rectified this omission within the week allowed him before the post was filled. This fellow rode a stage sixty miles to a place called Bumping Lake, found the girl of his choice, was back in time, got the job, and has lived there ever since—thirty-seven years to be exact.

These are the friends of a very charming man with a great heart, staunch principles, and an extraordinary eye for the beauty of nature, which he has the happy facility of putting into straightforward prose.

His collected essays range from Tacitus to Kinsey, from Mark Twain to Freud

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Not since Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle* has such an important volume of criticism appeared in America. These are essays Lionel Trilling has written—with steadily increasing influence—over the last decade. He speaks about Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, Kipling, Parrington; about the connection between psychology and literature; about the impact of manners and money on the novel; about the "little magazines"; and always he addresses himself to the progressive mind, criticizing the liberal imagination from within the liberal camp. A versatile and brilliant writer, he gains new stature with this long-awaited volume. THE VIKING PRESS $3.50

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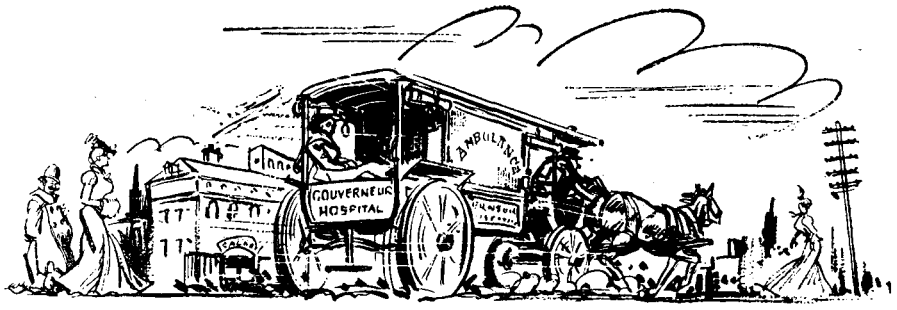
First Woman Interne

BOWERY TO BELLEVUE. By Emily Dunning Barringer, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton. 262 pp. $3.

By Helen Clapesattle

DR. EMILY DUNNING had heard that the resident staff of New York's Gouverneur Hospital was opposed to her appointment as one of them but she thought the men seemed friendly enough the day she began her term of service. Then as she made the rounds with them that evening the house surgeon turned to her and said casually, "Dr. Dunning, tonight you will please take care of the catheterizations in the male surgical ward."

She was stunned. He couldn't be asking her to undertake the most difficult and intimate of ministrations to the male patients on her first night on duty as the first woman interne in any New York general hospital! Gouverneur's wards were occupied for the most part by rough and rowdy characters from the near-by waterfront —sailors, longshoremen, hucksters, bums, gangsters. They would be quite capable of raising a riot against her. And the newspapers, already agog over her appointment, would make a sensation of any untoward happening. Then Dr. Dunning understood. A sensational failure was precisely what the staff men were hoping for. They were doing their best to arrange immediate disaster for her.



—From the jacket of "Bowery to Bellevue."

For two years Emily Dunning, a young, pretty, able graduate of Cornell University Medical School, had fought to secure a general hospital internship as part of her medical training. The Blackwell sisters and their successors had pried open the doors of the medical schools but as yet woman doctors could secure hospital experience in only a few specialized institutions. "Women physicians need hospital opportunities," Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi had said to Emily, "and it is only by going out and trying to get them that they will ever succeed. Women must be willing to go up, to be knocked down again and again, before the general hospitals will finally be opened." So twice the young Dr. Dunning had forced hospital medical boards to allow her to take the competitive examinations for internships; both times she had won first place, and both times she had been refused an appointment because of her sex. When on the third trial, in 1902, she was named to an internship at Gouverneur Hospital, the *Globe* considered the fact remarkable enough to warrant an extra!

Gouverneur Hospital, the downtown branch of Bellevue, was located just east of the Bowery, deep in the slums of New York's East Side. A major part of the interne's duties was to go out on emergency calls with the horse-drawn ambulance, at all hours, in all kinds of weather, to all kinds of places. "Riding the bus," as this ambulance duty was called, would tax a woman's stamina anywhere; in Gouverneur's district it would tax her physical nerve and moral courage, her dignity and resourcefulness as well. Emily Dunning knew that under the best of conditions there were real hazards ahead.

And now, on her first night of duty, she had received unmistakable notice that conditions would be far from the best. She would have to make the grade against the concerted antagonism of her seniors on the staff. If they could prevent it by any means, however foul, she would set no successful precedent for woman internes. Resolutely she accepted the challenge and for eighteen months, until the men ahead of her had graduated and left her triumphantly in charge, she did her work with one eye always on the lookout for the lures and traps devised for her undoing.

Looking back on those months after a long and distinguished career in medicine, Dr. Emily Dunning Barringer has made a lively and engrossing story of the experience. Sometimes poignant, often highly amusing, are the many stories she tells of her day-to-day encounters with the patients, the ambulance drivers, the policemen, and the residents of one of New York's toughest neighborhoods. Her skill and courage quickly won a warm loyalty from these people. They were proud of their "Lady Doc," and she often rode the ambulance from the Bowery to Bellevue to the cadence of an affectionate chant from the children on the streets, "Emilee, Emilee, Emilee."

One could hardly read this story and doubt that Dr. Emily Dunning Barringer was and is a woman of exceptional ability and spirit and an endearing good humor. She is also a good storyteller.

French Carmelite Nun

THERESE: SAINT OF A LITTLE WAY, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner. $3. In 1897, at the Carmelite convent in Lisieux, Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus died of tuberculosis. She was twenty-four years old and had been a nun for nine years. Soon after the young contemplative's death her autobiography, "L'Histoire d'une Ame," became famous, making Lisieux a shrine for the world's devout. The much translated book still holds its place in the spiritual literature of the West as a practical guide to the interior life. Its Norman author, popularly known as the Little Flower, has been called "the purest soul . . . since the time of Francis of Assisi." Canonized in 1925, she was recently named secondary patroness of France, a rank shared only by Joan of Arc.

Wherein lies the appeal of this simple French Carmelite? She was not cast in heroic mold like her compatriot Joan of Arc. She reached no sublime heights of mysticism like the brilliant Teresa of Avila. Her appeal, as Mrs. Keyes's heartening volume proves, lies in her closeness to the average stumbling, groping human being. It was her mission "to show my small way to small souls." In the words of a French soldier, "We have Jeanne d'Arc, but the little Sister is nearer to us."

"Thérèse: Saint of a Little Way" is a modernization of the moving and well-illustrated biography first published under the title "Written in Heaven." In her new version Mrs. Keyes would have done well to cite the apostolate of a seminary established in war-wrecked Lisieux. Here priests are trained for missionary work in the tenement districts and farm areas of France. They earn their daily wage at work bench and plough, laboring and living side by side with their humble parishioners. Is this not truly the Thérèsian way and one of Lisieux's great miracles?

—Ann F. Wolfe.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 27)

as a descendant of a Virginia family he claims Pocahontas as an important limb of his family tree.

Part One of the novel ends with the death of the Randalls' first child, Jake, who lives only a few months. Mr. Randall, always seeking companionship, feels that he has lost a potential friend as well as a son. Red Bones know death, as they do all the facts of life, and Tempie, helping her husband to bury the child, accepts what comes philosophically.

Part Two opens seven years later. There are three children in the Randall household, a girl named Chardy, Red Bone for Charity, and two boys. Comforted with the thought that the Red Bones have Indian rather than Negro blood and spurred on by the obvious brightness of Chardy, Mr. Randall leads a movement to have the Red Bone children admitted to the local white school, and is successful. The children suffer, though, from the taunts of their schoolmates, and the climax of the novel comes when the "regular whites" fight a pitched and bloody battle with the Red Bones in an attempt to burn the schoolhouse.

This reviewer feels that Mr. Tillery has done better with Mr. Randall, a singularly appealing figure, than he has with Tempie, who remains somewhat shadowy. He is good with children, and Chardy is one of the best done and most attractive characters in the novel.

A simple tale of simple folk, not without its faults, and perhaps handicapped for many readers by the strangeness of the material and the unavoidable use of a difficult dialect, "Red Bone Woman" is nevertheless a work of solid accomplishment.

Murder by Chance

THE SHORT CUT. By Ennio Flaiano. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 302 *pp.* $3.

By CHARLES SPIELBERGER

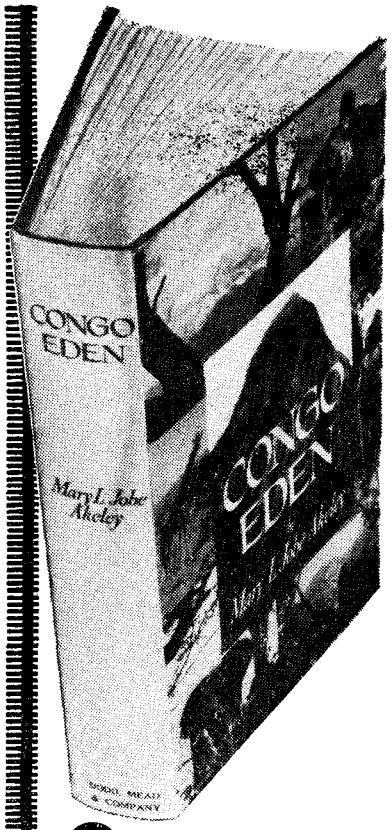
IF THE lieutenant who is narrator and central figure of the present importation from Italy had not suffered from toothache, if while driving toward the dentist in the small Abyssinian town his truck had not overturned, if in his impatience he had not followed a jungle short cut a soldier happened to describe, and if a dead mule blocking the fork in this path had not made him lose his way—if at least these few credible misfortunes had not taken place, this stirring and suspenseful novel would never have been written, and the lieutenant would have spared himself some of the more grueling and eventually enriching adventures of recent fiction.

But they do, of course, take place, and something more than haphazard, meretricious chance causes them. Not fate, nor sinister African conspiracies, nor mere literary device. What the author portrays here is the general workings of fortune in any man's life; it is a story of chance that is inevitable, and Ennio Flaiano's message, if he has one, is that men are free only in so far as they exercise their fullest and wisest decision.

After losing his way the lieutenant meets Mariam, a pretty native girl, bathing. He has no intention to linger here but presently he is attracted, makes some advances, is repelled, again intends to continue toward town, but at last Mariam surrenders herself. Several times again he starts off, but casual, irrelevant incidents detain him. He eventually spends the night. He sees the shadow of some wild beast towards dawn, fires, and finds that one bullet ricocheted off the rock and fataly wounded Mariam. Afraid of an investigation which may prevent his returning to Italy and to the woman he loves—this theme of loneliness and longing runs through the book like a ceaseless, plaintive cry—he ends Mariam's misery.

Casual incidents, given awful impetus by sores that appear on his hand and body, make the lieutenant believe that he contracted leprosy from the dead girl. To avoid years of hospitalization, and in sick confusion, he shoots at the suspicious army doctor, misfires, and flees. He needs money to smuggle himself aboard ship and make good his escape; he steals it and then, again to cover his tracks, he tries to murder this new victim. He is led on by illness and guilt, defeated and protected at every turn by some further reach of chance. He takes refuge with a man who proves to be Mariam's father, and in the end learns the full extent to which chance directed his fate. The synopsis exaggerates the surprises of the plot, but in the novel itself all is real and necessary. The final working out is full of impact.

Ennio Flaiano has a gift much like Conrad's. Though leaner in prose, simpler in narrative, less vivid in characterization, he possesses the same intensity and wealth of imagination.



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Music to My Ears

FALSTAFF WITH TOSCANINI, BUT WITHOUT HUMOR

THE basic qualities of any Toscanini performance—especially of opera—are so marked by care, power, aliveness, and, above all, conviction, that a quibble puts one in the position of complaining that the Venus de Milo, after all, has no arms. In respect to the recent "Falstaff," however, I will say that for all the drive, assertiveness, and knowledge by which it was animated, it lacked a leg to stand on, that leg being the one of humor which Verdi was pulling ever so slyly from one end of the score to the other.

It doesn't become me to pretend that I know more about "Falstaff" than Toscanini does, but I found the pursuit of musical truth in this instance a little grim and beside the point. When, after the first ten minutes I found myself not quite captivated, I began to wonder why. Then I thought of the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Dukas as Toscanini does it (virtually a scherzo for an unwritten Tenth symphony of Beethoven), or the "Blue Danube" of Strauss, or the "Skater's Waltz" of Waldteufel. It seemed impossible that the same kind of humorlessness could invade so native a work to him as "Falstaff" is. It seemed scientifically certain that with Verdi at one pole and Toscanini at the other the contact would be electric, continuous, automatic. But somewhere in between, a sense of humor must bridge the gap, and that is a sense this eminently sensible man apparently doesn't possess at all in music.

Where "Falstaff" was melodic or dramatic, this was recreation on a high level. Where it was sly, devious, insinuating, or satirical, it was straight as a die, equally rigid in its impression. I mention as an instance the episode in which Mistress Ford reads a passage from Falstaff's amorous letter. It was wonderfully melodic, lingering, expressive. But Verdi has also marked it "Con Caricatura," and there was no quality of mockery at all in Herva Nelli's delivery of the line.

Even more, the following "Ah! ah! ah! ah!" of the four ladies was more

Virgil Thomson—"the Daniel Webster kind of oratory."

a series of cleanly articulated eighth notes than laughter in music. As for Dame Quickly's broad "Reverenza" and her low comedy "Alla due alla tre," Toscanini accomplished the remarkable feat of subduing the bustling, self-important, and hugely comic Quickly of Cloe Elmo (one of the most vivid memories of last year's Metropolitan revival directed by Fritz Reiner) to the scared, inarticulate level of some of the tyros in the cast. At the risk of excommunication from all known connoisseur societies, may I say that I preferred Reiner's feeling for "Falstaff" to Toscanini's?

There were any number of passages in which the intricate texture of Verdi's writing was clarified—especially the nine-voiced ensemble of the four ladies, Fenton and Nanetta, Pistol, Dr. Caius, and Ford, at the end of act one—but the clarity was X-ray in character. If a fluoroscope plate is an image of your beloved, this had the same relation to Verdi.

As types rather than individuals, the voices chosen by Toscanini had a special kind of interest. Such a light baritone as Giuseppe Valdengo, to whom Toscanini taught the role of Falstaff virtually note by note, had validity in about half the role—the half that concerned parlando passages, the several episodes of falsetto, and some melodic writing. But the savorous breadth to suggest the besotted, paunch-ridden amorist was not in him. Frank Guerrara, on the other hand, who sang Ford, has the dark, robust sound to suggest Verdi's knight, but he didn't have the opportunity. He did splendidly as Ford, which is, after all, what he was asked to do.

So far as the first broadcast went (the end of scene I of Act II) the ladies were all satisfactory vocalists: Nan Merriman as Mistress Ford, Teresa Stitch-Randall as Nanetta, Elmo and Nelli as noted. But along with Antonio Madasi (Fenton) and Norman Scott (Pistol) the sound suggested they were less concerned with character creation than with meeting the exactions of the conductor. They were beyond Verdi's reach, but not Toscanini's.

TWO aspects of Virgil Thomson's creative bent have lately been before us, and I find myself unchanged in relationship to this agile craftsman. Where his music has illustrative or delineative purpose, a smartness of mind, a liveliness of spirit engage the attention. Where there is no frame of reference save musical value, I find it wanting in substance, not without banality.

In these instances, then, I welcomed the opportunity to hear again a reminder of that gay experience called "The Mother of Us All" when Stokowski played Thomson's newly-made suite for orchestra with the Philharmonic. Whether its broadly oratorical style (having to do with the Daniel Webster kind of oratory rather than the Handel kind of oratorio) would have meant as much had I not seen and enjoyed the stage version at Columbia University in 1947, I doubt. But the recollections it stirred of the Stein treatment of Susan B. Anthony's fight for women's suffrage, her fanciful embroidery on the theme of nineteenth-century American life, were all pleasant ones. Simple in sound, this music is far from simple in conception and realization. Stokowski's effort became it well.

The new violoncello concerto which Ormandy introduced earlier in the same week with the Philadelphia Orchestra is so eagerly melodic, so pointedly meant to be played that I found very little, actually, to *hear* in it. If the tunes were a little less folksy, in the Dvorak manner, and the display passages not quite so reminiscent of all the cello concerti from the disputed one of Haydn to the same Dvorak's own A minor, I could believe in it more. I do not think that an elevated purpose is accomplished, for example, by giving a flute figuration, in the background, to a xylophone instead. It is more "occasional" a contrivance than I prefer, too occasionally a creation. Paul Olefsky played it magnificently. —IRVING KOLODIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Ananias. 2. Nancy Lattimer. 3. Archie Goodwin. 4. Topsy. 5. Ole Skjarsen. 6. Lorenzo. 7. Eliza. 8. Figaro. 9. Reginald Bunthorne. 10. Aramis. 11. Niobe. 12. Carmen. 13. Ethan Frome. FRENCH NOVELIST: Anatole France.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
GREAT MASTERS OF THE KEYBOARD, recordings from special player-piano rolls of great pianists, composers, 1904-11 (Debussy, Ravel, Fauré, Saint-Saëns, Mahler, Reger, Scriabin, Grieg, Leschetizky, Busoni, Granàdos, etc.). Columbia LP: 4291/95. (Available separately—see detailed listings.)	The highly developed Welte system used carbon rods dipping in mercury (variable resistance) and fingerlike player tabs to achieve exact reproduction of all dynamics. Rolls, machine, rescued after war. Tape recordings of played rolls, made in Germany (1949) are fair to good; deadish acoustics, some bad percussives, uneven pitch (power failures).	A 1950 sound to "recordings" of the 1900's! Here is greatest technical advantage to these intensely interesting intimations of the past. In spite of some robotness (see below), results are no less than astonishing. Personalities, style, technique come through. Change in piano style is quite remarkable —try Nikisch playing Brahms! An exciting experience here for all pianists.

PERHAPS SOMEONE CAN REMEMBER

COLUMBIA's five-volume collection of player-piano rolls (above) by great composers and pianists of the turn of the century may provoke many an esthetic "so what?". Nevertheless, the idea is immensely stimulating. Here is Debussy playing Debussy, Ravel playing Ravel, Grieg playing Grieg. Strauss, Mahler, Reger, Saint-Saëns are present also, not to mention such performers as De Pachmann, Paderewski, Leschetizky, D'Albert, Nikisch, Busoni. A fabulous assemblage! If even a trace of their pianism survives the undertaking is valuable.

We know what the phonograph does and does not do in the way of "documentary" preservation of art; the highly developed player-piano is a different and unfamiliar medium, posing its own questions as to authenticity. How shall we judge these re-playings of performances from the past?

The player piano, to be sure, has no soul. But its action involves concrete factors—and soulfulness is not a required ingredient, artistic pronouncements notwithstanding. If the artist is uncapturable, then the machine is inaccurate and that is that. "Touch" and dynamics are mainly functions of the speed of key motion as its launches the hammer; tempo is the simplest of space-time relationships. Notes are as long as they are long. The Welte "robot" player of these LP's clearly has excellent control over its key dynamics. Loud, soft portions are strikingly clear, emphasized inner voices come through with purpose, light accompaniments shimmer behind a melody. The gross duration of notes is undoubtedly as they were played, allowing many a pianist's idiosyncrasy to register. If we hear Debussy play the bass ahead of the treble at each beat, we may be dead sure he was guilty of that once-common affectation! All these things would seem to be re-created with plenty of realism. Yet much of the music is still indefinably robotlike in the hearing.

As I analyze it, the fly in this ointment must be the damper controls. Other factors need not be rigidly controlled, but here, in the pedaling, great piano playing can tolerate no leeway whatsoever. The pianist minutely adjusts fingers and feet, by ear dynamically, for his desired effect; a millimeter's motion of the foot can blur a whole passage. The robot pianist, pre-set, minus ear, is inflexible and may misjudge its pedaling by a hairsbreadth, to damage the music from beginning to end. I wonder, then, whether Debussy really blurred "La Cathédrale" as here; was his pedal more sloppy than Mahler's or was the machine a thousandth of an inch nearer exactitude in the Mahler recording? Would mechanical adjustment turn this Debussy playing into performance as sharp and clean as the Granàdos in this series? Perhaps someone can remember. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *These records will be reviewed by a friend and pupil of Debussy's in* SRL *Apr. 29.*]

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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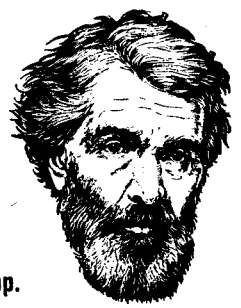

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CURRENT BOOKS WORTH READING

(Continued from page 15)

"The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp (Little, Brown).
"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Decision in Germany," by Lucius D. Clay (Doubleday).

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson.
"Debby," by Max Steele.
"The Tormentors," by Richard Cargoe (William Sloane).
"The Strange Land," by Ned Calmer.

ROBERT I. SNAJDR
Cleveland Plain Dealer

General

"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill.
"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager.
"Decision in Germany," by Lucius D. Clay.
"Science Is a Sacred Cow," by Anthony Standen (Dutton).
"An Anatomy of American Politics," by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary.
"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"Storm of Time," by Eleanor Dark (Whittlesey).
"Wait for Tomorrow," by Robert Wilder.
"The Embroidered City," by Lewis Gelfan (Little, Brown).

ERNEST CADY*
Columbus Dispatch

General

"Love Story," by Ruth McKenny (Harcourt, Brace)
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"The Custer Story," edited by Marguerite Marington (Devin-Adair).
"Berlin Command," by Frank L. Howley.
"A Second Treasury of the Familiar," edited by Ralph L. Woods (Macmillan).

Fiction

"Debby," by Max Steele.
"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson.
"The Feast," by Margaret Kennedy.
"Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart (to be published Apr. 24 by Whittlesey).

*Mr. Cady suggests that "intelligent readers stick to general books this spring." He found it difficult to find five worthy fiction titles but could have named a dozen worthy books in the former class.

LON TINKLE
Dallas Morning News

General

"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill.
"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager.
"Virgin Land," by Henry Nash Smith (Harvard).
"The Western World and Japan," by G. B. Sansom (Knopf).
"The Romantic New Orleanians," by Robert Tallant (Dutton).

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary.
"Home Town," by Cleveland Amory (Harper).
"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"The Cocktail Party," by T. S. Eliot.

CLYDE BECK
Detroit News

General

"The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp.
"An Anatomy of American Politics," by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot.
"The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism," by Keith Hutchison (Scribner's).
"The Permanence of Yeats," edited by James Hall and Martin Steinmann (Macmillan).
"My Three Years in Moscow," by Walter Bedell Smith.

Fiction

"The Diplomat," by James Aldridge (Little, Brown).
"Men of Stones," by Rex Warner (Lippincott).
"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson.
"The Wrong Set," by Angus Wilson (Morrow).

WILL VANCE
Hartford Courant

General

"My Three Years in Moscow," by Walter Bedell Smith.
"Decision in Germany," by Lucius D. Clay.
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"That Darned Minister's Son," by Haydn S. Pearson (Doubleday).
"I Married a Dinosaur," by Lilian Brown (Dodd, Mead).

Fiction

"The World Is a Bridge," by Christine Weston.
"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary.
"The Outlander," by Germaine Guevremont.
"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"Memory and Desire," by Leonora Hornblow (Random).

PAUL JORDAN SMITH
Los Angeles Times

General

"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager.
"Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith," by Robert Gathorne-Hardy.
"Southern Legacy," by Hodding Carter (Louisiana State).
"Leaves from a Russian Diary," by Pitirim A. Sorokin (Beacon).
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.

Don Mathews

"I'll read it if you're sure we don't all get blown to bits in the end."

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Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"Bridal Journey," by Dale Van Every (Messner).
"Each Bright River," by Mildred Masterson McNeilly (Morrow).
"Mingo Dabney," by James Street (Dial).
"King of the Fassarai," by David Divine (Macmillan).

AUGUST DERLETH
Madison (Wis.) Capital Times

General

"The Cocktail Party," by T. S. Eliot.
"Science Is a Sacred Cow," by Anthony Standen.
"Mid-century American Poets," edited by John Ciardi (Twayne).
"Mr. Jelly Roll," by Alan Lomax (Duell, Sloan, & Pearce).
"Worlds in Collision," by Immanuel Velikovsky.

Fiction

"Nothing," by Henry Green.
"The Boat," by L. P. Hartley.
"An Edith Wharton Treasury," edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn (to be published in May by Appleton-Century-Crofts).
"The Collected Tales of Walter de la Mare," edited by Edward Wagenknecht (Knopf).
"The Thomas Mann Reader," edited by Joseph Warner Angell (to be published in June by Knopf).

PAUL FLOWERS
Memphis Commercial Appeal

General

"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Southern Legacy," by Hodding Carter.
"The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," by Edgar Kemler.
"Jefferson and Madison: The Great Collaboration," by Adrienne Koch.

Fiction

"The Bump on Branigan's Head," by Myles Connolly (Macmillan).
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson.
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gebler.
"A Woman of Means," by Peter Taylor (to be published Apr. 27 by Harcourt, Brace).

BEATRICE WASHBURN
Miami Herald

General

"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager.
"John C. Calhoun: American Portrait," by Margaret L. Coit.
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"Worlds in Collision," by Immanuel Velikovsky.
"The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp.

Fiction

"The Diplomat," by James Aldridge.
"The Wall," by John Hersey
"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary.
"The Sheltering Sky," by Paul Bowles (New Directions).
"The Scapegoat," by Jocelyn Brooke (Harper).

H. RUSSELL AUSTIN
Milwaukee Journal

General

"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager.
"This Reckless Breed of Men," by Robert Glass Cleland (Knopf).
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"The Lipton Story," by Alec Waugh (Doubleday).
"I Was There," by William D. Leahy.

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"The World Is a Bridge," by Christine Weston.
"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary.
"Coming Up for Air," by George Orwell (Harcourt, Brace).
"Men of Stone," by Rex Warner.

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Minneapolis Star and Tribune

General

"The Great Mistakes of the War," by Hanson Baldwin.
"John C. Calhoun: American Portrait," by Margaret L. Coit.
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"The Cocktail Party," by T. S. Eliot.
"Popul Vuh: The Sacred Book of the Maya-Quiche," edited by Adrian Recinos (Oklahoma).

Fiction

"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary.
"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"Nothing," by Henry Green.
"The Wrong Set," by Angus Wilson.
"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren.

MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS
The Nashville Banner

General

"The Story of the Mexican War," by Robert Selph Henry (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute.
"Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins," edited by John Hall Wheelock.
"Southern Legacy," by Hodding Carter.
"Next Week—East Lynne!," by Gladys Hurlbut (Dutton).

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey.
"Better a Dinner of Herbs," by Byron Herbert Reece (Dutton).
"I, My Ancestor," by Nancy Wilson Ross.

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DOCTRINE OF DEATH

(*Continued from page 12*)

and he is only happy in that shadowland where dreams, desires, and actions fuse together into nightmare. If he goes beyond the boundaries of good and evil, it is only because the landscape there is more interesting, more appetizing; he has the mentality of the gangster at bay, but he is not a gangster and commits no evil except the long-planned ultimate evil.

WE live in an apocalyptic age. How can these things be prevented? If civilization is to survive, all that which affects our essential humanity is due for immediate, urgent reconsideration. We can no longer afford to experiment with our social systems without inquiring into fundamentals, and first of all it is necessary to inquire into the nature of man, what aims are proposed to him, what rights and duties are his, and what precisely is his relation to the state. At the present time no government has stated these rights and duties without equivocation and nearly every government has accepted, or half-accepted, Hegel's dicta that "the state exists in its own right" and "the function of the true state is so to act that individuals do not exist." But it should be realized that in all these things the state, as State, is pursuing the same ends as the monster; by treating men as numbers, cogs in a bureaucratic machine, the State inevitably comes to "destroy" men as human beings, and in the minds of their rulers men no longer possess the primacy which now belongs to the State. Hegel developed the nihilist thesis; Kant countered with the more human thesis that "the function of the true state is to impose the *minimum* restrictions and safeguard the *maximum* liberties of the people, and it must never regard the person as a thing." The nihilists rage against man, they are contemptuous of man, they hold that he is no more than an instrument to be shaped, something that "disappears into the state," something to be plundered or destroyed at will. His aim is the annihilation of man. Our aim should be to give each man an infinite valuation, to pay the highest honors to men, to elevate and celebrate men.

The consequences of the new doctrine inevitably follow:

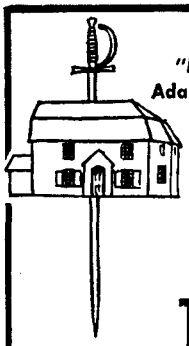
1. Men Are Inviolable and Human Lives Are Sacred.

The statement must be read to mean exactly what it says. The nihilist places no value on human life; we must place the highest conceivable value. By this ruling human life is sacrosanct, to be regarded as a trust in the sacred possession of the man himself, never to be deliberately bruised, to be cared for patiently and humbly as long as life exists. In the great Confucian phrase, "not a hair of the head may be touched."

There can be no exceptions to this and the more exceptions we make the more nearly we approach the doctrine of the monster. The life of the murderer, even the life of the monster, must be spared; for there are other ways of punishing him than by putting out his life. *Under no circumstances* may men be condemned to death or tortured or deliberately placed in peril. Men may place themselves in danger of their own accord; they may not be placed in danger by others. It must be recognized that the value of human life is so inconceivably great that anything which tends toward debasing this value must be destroyed, and since the nature of man is to be creative, anything that tends towards limiting his creativeness must also be destroyed. Since all men equally are inviolable and all are sacred and all are possessed of infinite potentialities of creativeness, no distinction may be made between the races.

This is not, of course, in any way a new doctrine. The doctrine of the sanctity and inviolability of human life was announced long ago by the medieval Church and hinted at by the Greeks. "Man is the measure of all things," said Anaximander, and the great chorus of Sophocles in the "Antigone," only emphasizes man's prodigious place in the universe: "Most wonderful of all is man." Gregory Palamas from his throne in Byzantium followed the pagan tradition, though he was himself a Byzantine bishop when he wrote, "There is nothing higher than man." According to the medieval theologians, men were even higher than the angels, since men could become saints, and it was impossible for an angel to accomplish miracles.

Since life is magnificent, the function of men is to celebrate men, for magnificence at all times demands to be celebrated. Men must celebrate men and the nature of man, taking an infinite pride in themselves as men and most particularly as whole men. There is a story told by Thucydides of the Athenians, who once overpowered a tribe in the Peloponnesus which had injured them greatly, and when they had the enemy army herd-



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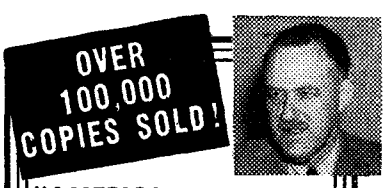

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ed on the beach, naked for slaughter, they forgave them and set them free with the words "This was not done because they were men, but because of the nature of man." Thucydides meant that it was because the nature of man is to be so godlike that they were set free.

The Fascists and nihilist-Communists offer men the supreme excitement of playing with death; we must offer men more mature excitement and more particularly the excitement which comes from rejoicing in themselves. We must dramatize our freedom, proclaim the new century of freedom, give proper names to the things we believe in—we should, for example, change the names of nations and call America and all freedom-loving countries by names which are charged with meaning. Psychologically, the Soviets were right to change the name of Russia to the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Similarly, we should call America the Free United States of America and so throw down the gauntlet. The Soviets were right, too, when they invented the Five-Year Plan. We should do likewise; we need to make the constructive work of the world and of individuals more exciting, and a plan at least suggests that there are deliberate aims in view, and all men are called upon to help the plan. We must dramatize freedom and the powers of the individual in a freedom-living state just as the Soviets dramatize tyranny. There must be far greater incentives to serve the community honestly and humbly. We need to work to destroy poverty, naming the enemy. A huge propaganda campaign should be instituted to show that poverty is as great a disease as cancer and kills far more people; that every man deserves a good house and sufficient remuneration if he works well; that every child should, if he makes the grade, be allowed to go to college. We have not done enough to make our commonplace freedoms exciting, though they would be exciting enough to the slaves who live behind the Iron Curtain, and we have not yet done enough to extirpate tyranny among ourselves. All the resources of propaganda, the radio, and the films should be used to give men aims worth living for.

2. The True Function of the State Is to Celebrate the Nature of Man.

This, too, must be read to mean exactly what it says. Kant's definition of the state as a body of elected men whose duty it is "to impose the minimum restrictions and safeguard the maximum liberties of the people, never regarding the person as a thing" is a negative definition, and places on the state no other obligation than to protect man, as though the state was essentially the policeman defending their liberties. But though this must remain one of the cardinal attributes of the state, the state itself must also be a positive and regenerative; from the state there should come the creative impulses in which all men can share.

There is nothing essentially new in this judgment of the state. There have been states in the past which were themselves the center of vast creative impulses in the arts. The Fujiwara Epoch in Japan, the Gupta Epoch in India, and the Tang Epoch in China shared a belief in the creativeness of the people; they assisted the creativeness of the people and brought to birth great monuments, innumerable poets and painters. The bureaucracy was secondary to the artistic achievement; the aim of the bureaucracy was not to thwart the people or "milk" them but to generate within them artistic passions. This was not true at all times during these periods, but at intervals over many years the state encouraged the arts and saw itself as a reflection of artistic achievement. In Elizabethan England, in the Florence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the state was an instrument for artistic creation, and in them the arts possessed a primacy which has since been lost. At these ages the state was a *human* thing; it had not yet become lost in a cloud of abstractions. The state celebrated the nature of man, its energies bent towards a perpetual celebration, with the result that there were continual processions, festivals and tournaments, and works of great art were accomplished on a scale which now takes our breath away.

Nearly all these states were ruled by feudal princes, who possessed together with wealth a sense of human values and human splendors. The state must, by its very nature, take the equivalent part of these feudal princes; instead of becoming merely a bureaucratic machine, it must deliberately set itself towards ennobling man. It follows that the greatest rewards must be offered to those who celebrate man's humanity, and the greatest punishments must be reserved for those who commit crimes against man's humanity. Inventors, artists, poets, teachers, and social workers must be encouraged by the state and fully rewarded, while the editors of newspapers which pander to human vulgarity, the creators of vulgar films, the builders who build bad houses, the party politicians and wardheelers who are continually debasing men by false promises, these must be punished severely, and the test of a good law must be whether it can effect an increase in human dignity.

Meanwhile, we have to face the possibility that there will be another war and that in this war there will be the same senseless massacres, the same pathetic belief in the powers of the nihilists to create a new world, the same torture chambers, the same use of incinerators, and the same mass graves. To avoid this war every conceivable kind of psychological and social preparation is necessary, and the attack must be taken into the enemy camp.

3. There Must Be War to the Death Against Nihilism, Against All the Official and Unofficial Powers Which Degrade Men.

This does not in the least mean that we must immediately launch an attack on Russia or even that we should fight with physical weapons. It does mean that we must make a sharp differentiation between those parts of the Communist experiment which represent social progress and those parts which represent what might be called "The Revolutionary Catechism." The use by the Soviet Government of a vast and powerful secret police, its inhuman punishments, and its relentless system of organizing men's lives must be answered by the offer of increasing liberty within the democracies. Just as terror assures its own survival only by increasing its field of irresponsibility, so liberty insures its survival only by increasing its field of responsibility, by allowing greater freedoms within the law. But the attack against nihilism must be carried on by something infinitely more relentless than our own example. Every psychological weapon—radio, films, scholarships, the newspapers—must be placed at the service of those who are fighting the nihilist conspiracy, and these weapons must be sharpened. Armies of free men must be sent abroad to represent the democracies in their fight against nihilism. The present strength of the Catholic Church in Europe lies in the fact that

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it is prepared to use the weapons of its opponents because these weapons are precisely those which it has employed for nearly 2,000 years: it has formed cells in Communist districts, and it forms still closer and more powerful cells in the countries where it is officially repressed. We must learn to do the same. We cannot fight the Communists without employing these cellular organizations. We must learn, too, to call things by their right names. It is useless to hold the Communists in detestation: present-day Communism results from the tragic marriage of two contrary doctrines—the doctrine of Socialist progress and the doctrine of nihilism. In as far as they work for the social welfare of men, they deserve our praise; in as far as they enslave men, they deserve themselves to be enslaved. "Civilization," said Mr. Justice Jackson at the Nuremberg trial, "would not survive if these crimes were committed again." But they *are* being committed in all the lands occupied by the Russians, and civilization is therefore in perpetual danger. There can be no compromise. Against these monsters the war is eternal. And the great tragedy of our time is that while the rest of the world moves towards the formation of states where men are encouraged to have a greater responsibility for their fellows, the schizophrenic Politburo is split hopelessly between the extremes of humanness and cruelty.

The dangers are all around us and must be faced. We cannot escape from the monsters even if we desired to. The consequences in inhumanity if we fail are more terrible than any conceivable acts of war. There were incinerators and mass graves a little while ago, there were places where the surface of the earth moved like a wave above the buried innocents who were still alive, and soon enough, unless we fight the corruption of nihilism with every conceivable mental weapon, we shall find ourselves in the position of the young Russian who unwittingly found himself beside the black vacuum of a ditch filled with the dead and dying:

> When we had been brought up to the anti-tank ditch and were lined up alongside this fearful grave, we still believed we had been fetched in order to fill in the ditch with earth or to dig new ones. We did not think we had been brought there to be shot, but when we heard the first shots from the automatic guns trained on us I realized we were about to be murdered. I immediately hurled myself into the ditch and hid between two corpses. Thus, unharmed and half-fainting, I lay until nearly evening. While lying in the ditch I heard several of the wounded call to the gendarmes shooting them, "Finish me off, blackguard!"—"You missed me, scoundrel! Shoot again!"
>
> Then, when the Germans went off for dinner, an inhabitant from my village called from the ditch, "Get up, those of you who are still alive." I got up, and two of us began to drag out the living from underneath the corpses. I was covered with blood. A light mist hung over the ditch—steam arising from the rapidly congealing mass of dead bodies, from the pools of blood and from the last breaths of the dying.*

Among those of us who have survived there is only one answer: "Be human, celebrate your humanity and tenderness towards each other, for the darkness is all around you. By every act of corruption, however small, by every effort to degrade human beings, by every physical punishment you inflict, you bring the terror nearer. Take warning. There is not much time."

This article is drawn from Robert Payne's "Zero: The Story of Terrorism," which will be published May 4 by The John Day Company. Among his previous books are "China Awake" and "Report on America."

* "Nuremberg Trials," VII, 63.

The Fly

By Alex Austin

THE fly buzzes over the clean white enamel sink
Circling, seeming to pause in mid-air
And then he lands on the dry white sink board.
Legs rubbing together like fire-sticks behind him
He searches the white waste-land for a sign
Of carelessness, of imperfection, but finds none.
There is not even a drop of water; both faucets
Are tight and locked against him so that not even
Suicide is possible. The entire kitchen is the same.
He flies to the window, but it is closed; the door is locked.
How did he get there? The fly cannot remember ever seeing
Any living thing — not even his own reflection.
He returns to the sink and pauses on the white enamel,
Doomed by the perfection of a demon he will never see.

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YOUNG ARTIST desires correspondence with refined charming ladies. Box 82-C.

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STUDENT, 21, desires work Manhattan this summer. References. Box 84-C.

WILL MUSICAL, intelligent, sweet young lady write to versatile gentleman? Box 85-C.

MATURE FEMALE, intelligent, finds life interesting enough, but lonely stretches, invites male correspondence. Box 86-C.

HARVARD MAN wants to work for you this summer. Box 87-C.

UNDERSTANDING, TOLERANT and mature guy would hear from others devoted to personal freedom and the broad outlook. Box 88-C.

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2 YOUNG MEN, intelligent, seeking employment June-Sept. Will consider anything, any locale. Box 91-C.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU in Europe this summer? Young woman, business experience, public relations, university graduate, excellent references, sailing May 29 for England, France, Italy, Switzerland. Box 92-C.

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YOUNG MAN, some capital, wants associate. Enterprise suggestions? Box 94-C.

REWRITE-REPORTER, 27, experienced, excellent writer, seeks newspaper, magazine, publicity, or related job. Box 95-C.

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"SUMER IS ICUMEN IN", Young woman, A.B. and experience, desires position as companion and/or tutor or anything. Free to go in June. Box 97-C.

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PROFESSIONAL MAN with cultural interests, invites correspondence from mature, interesting femme. Box 121-C.

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YOUNG LADY, nursing experience, companion for elderly person. Box 116-C.

CULTURED GENTLEMAN, middle-aged, interested in literature, music, etc., could be companion. Can travel. Box 117-C.

TEACHER (female) desires summer position as companion, tutor, or secretary. Prefers travel. Box 118-C.

GOING ABROAD? Travel expert and linguist will prepare, conduct, drive group, establish business, *social contacts. References exchanged.* Box 119-C.

SINCERE, INTELLIGENT, home-loving girl, marooned in government office, will pen-chat with mature man for diversion. Box 14-C.

CULTURED LADY, mature, desires correspondence refined, educated gentleman, appreciating fine things in life. Box 26-C.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 838

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The Great Spirit of Algonquian religion (2 wds.).	155 133 145 66 111 37 98 43 164 18
	148 72
B. Italian Socialist politician, murdered in 1924 by Fascists.	45 150 177 131 112 77 23 116 11
C. A woman disciple whom Peter restored to life at Joppa (Bib.; *Acts*).	39 60 26 75 180 149 163
D. Appellation of the "bridge" in *Word L.* (Norse myth.).	86 158 64 61 143 21 132
E. A diocese or archdiocese (Eastern Ch.).	9 28 141 84 56 10 74
F. The sequel to "Sandra Belloni."	170 91 2 118 30 22 55 104
G. "Elder" and "Younger" ancient Icelandic collections.	127 17 174 6 40
H. Utters with labialization (phonet.; comp.).	122 3 85 179 136 78 109 62 76
I. The ash tree symbolizing the universe (Norse myth.; var. sp.).	16 33 167 182 79 89 4 1 7
J. Gem suggesting a star, reflecting light in six rays (Gr. antiq.).	32 8 88 166 73 147 169
K. Frenchman for whom the genus of the tobacco plant is named (1530?-1600).	81 157 162 153 54
L. The name of the bridge in *Word D* connecting Asgard with Midgard (Norse myth.).	165 108 103 29 120 19 44

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Inadequate to need, use, or purpose.	129 154 12 97 5 50 105 119 80 24
	65 71
N. Goddess of fertility, war, etc., among Canaanites and Phoenicians (Hebrew sp.).	34 49 68 41 94 106 181 90 96
O. Housekeeper of *Word W*, who helped to relieve his poverty by opening a shop in which he worked.	176 110 125 95 102 48 172 38
P. Not satisfied.	140 100 159 53 13 69 101 20 87 123
Q. English translation of the Greek *Word V.*	52 14 156 178 25 27
R. Among orthodox Jews, a canopy under which bride and groom stand during the wedding ceremony (Hebrew).	42 121 31 113 46 135
S. Emerges; sallies forth.	175 63 107 137 171 58
T. Quality or state of being bare, rigid.	70 161 51 168 47 35 83 130 142
U. Across an intervening space (poetic).	82 151 57 128 134
V. Greek word Odysseus gave as his name, to Polyphemus, the Cyclops (Gr. myth.).	92 144 126 117 115
W. "Master of light and shadow" in painting.	15 67 59 139 152 114 93 36 138
X. Knight of the Round Table sharing with "Gawain" the title of English metrical romance (14th century).	173 146 99 160 124

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

	1 I	2 F		3 H	4 I		5 M	6 G	7 I	8 J	9 E		10 E	11 B	12 M	13 P
14 Q	15 W	16 I		17 G	18 A	19 L	20 P	21 D	22 F	23 B	24 M	25 Q		26 C	27 Q	
28 E	29 L	30 F	31 R	32 J	33 I	34 N	35 T	36 W	37 A	38 O	39 C	40 G		41 N	42 R	43 A
44 L		45 B	46 R	47 T	48 O	49 N		50 M	51 T	52 Q	53 P	54 K	55 F	56 E	57 U	58 S
59 W		60 C	61 D	62 H		63 S	64 D	65 M	66 A	67 W		68 N	69 P	70 T	71 M	72 A
73 J	74 E		75 C	76 H		77 B	78 H	79 I		80 M	81 K	82 U	83 T	84 E	85 H	86 D
87 P	88 J	89 I	90 N	91 F	92 V	93 W		94 N	95 O		96 N	97 M	98 A	99 X	100 P	
101 P	102 O	103 L	104 F	105 M	106 N	107 S		108 L	109 H		110 O	111 A	112 B		113 R	114 W
115 V	116 B		117 V	118 F		119 M	120 L	121 R	122 H	123 P		124 X	125 O	126 V		127 G
128 U	129 M	130 T	131 B		132 D	133 A	134 U	135 R	136 H	137 S	138 W		139 W	140 P	141 E	142 T
	143 D	144 V	145 A		146 X	147 J	148 A	149 C		150 B		151 U	152 W	153 K	154 M	155 A
	156 Q	157 K	158 D	159 P		160 X	161 T		162 K	163 C	164 A		165 L	166 J		167 I
168 T	169 J	170 F	171 S	172 O	173 X		174 G	175 S	176 O	177 B	178 Q	179 H	180 C	181 N	182 T	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 46 of this issue.

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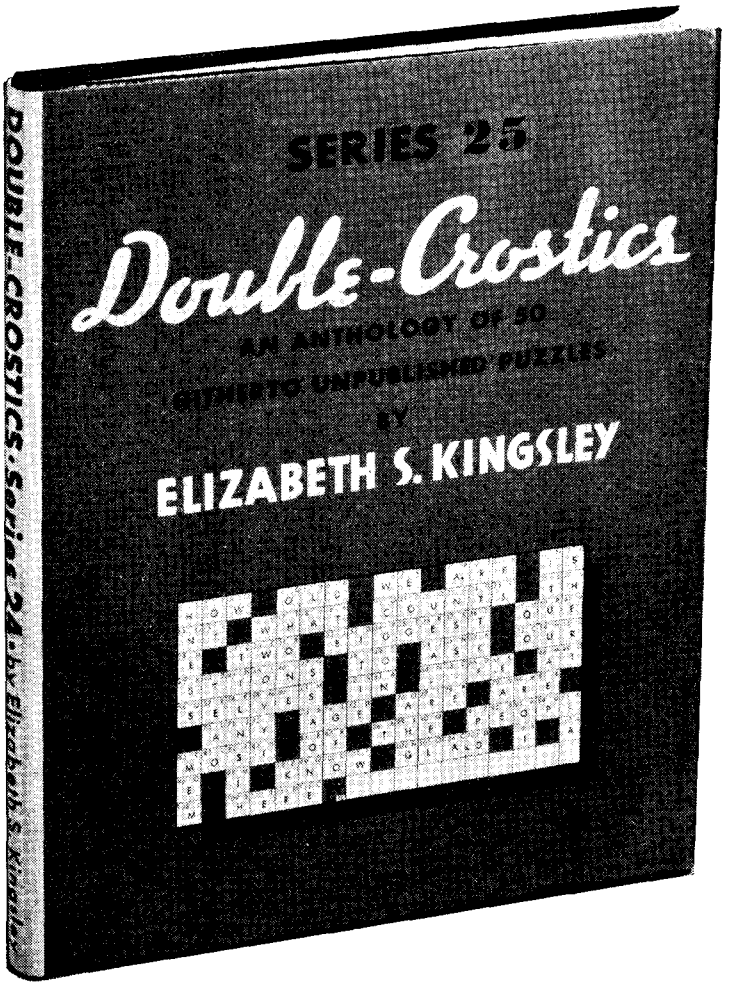

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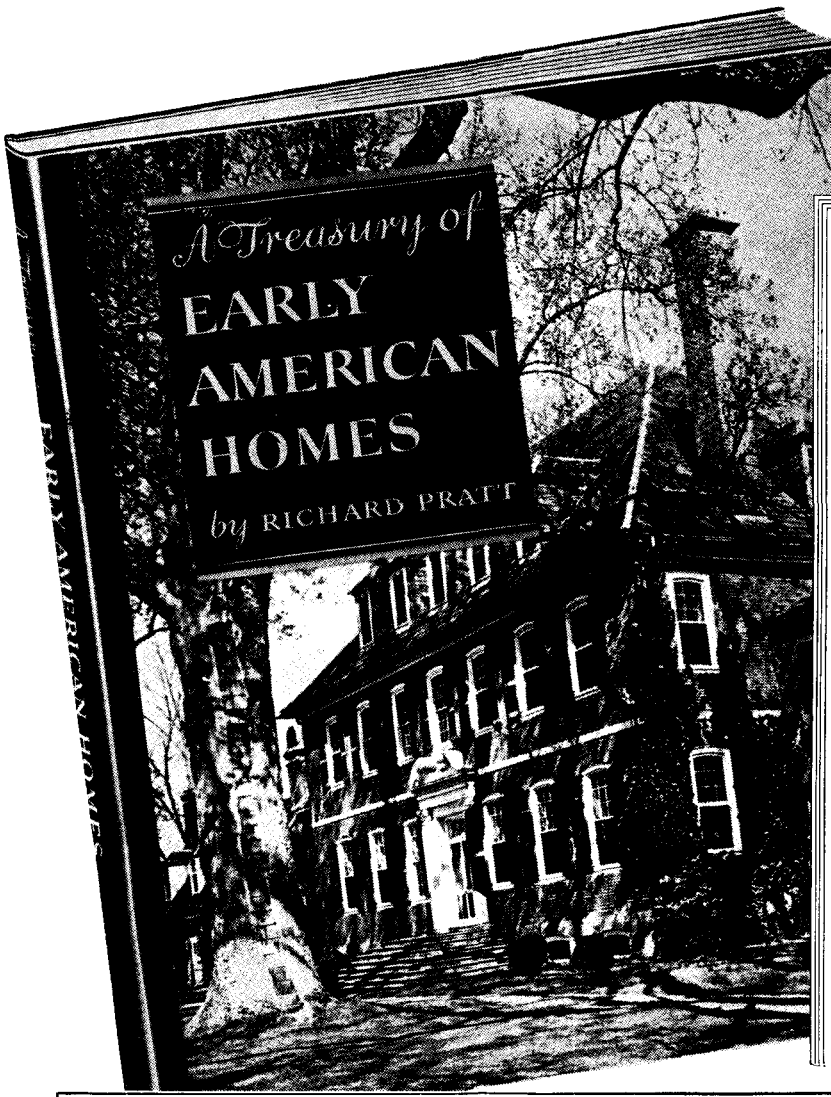

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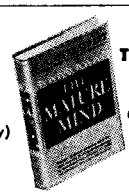

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